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No. 2—The Tale of Sir Tristram and the Love Potion.

7 TALES From King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
Who Wrote "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"
Paintings by Dulac

KING ANGUISH of Ireland had a daughter, La Beale Isoud, a fine girl and well brought up. Her mother taught her to mix poisons and to behave in company.

It happened that King Anguish needed gold, so he put a tax on King Mark of Cornwall, who wished he had thought of it first, being short of cash himself.

"Sorry I am to be so poor," said he—which was true enough.

"Sorrow is common to us all," said the Irishman. "When may I expect the gold?"

"You may expect it from now on," said Mark.

Then King Anguish sent his wife's brother, Sir Marhaus, to fetch the tax, and the Queen and La Beale Isoud put a drop of poison on the tip of his spear and the edge of his sword, so he would be remembered.

Now Mark had a nephew, Sir Tristram, a large bony youth who played the harp and was appreciated by the ladies. The boy had gifts, but as yet he was unreliable.

"Will somebody tell me," said King Mark, "where I'm to lay hands on this money?"

"What money?" said Tristram, with his feet on a bench, harping as he talked.

"Will you stop that noise!" said Mark. "Sir Marhaus is come for my gold or my head."

"You need only one guess at that riddle," said Tristram, "since you have no gold."

"You're the family pest," said Mark, "and I don't know what my sister, your mother, was thinking of."

"Why not kill Marhaus," said Tristram, "before he kills you?"

"That's the advice," said Mark, "myself would give it to another man."

Tristram rested his harp on a peg in the wall. "Is the grindstone in working order?" said he.

"How should I know?" said Mark.

"Come along with me," said Tristram. "I'll show you how to put an edge on steel."

When the sword was sharpened he waved it up and down and crosswise, and asked for a hair out of Mark's red beard, and Mark pulled one for him. Then he blew the hair against the sword-edge and the hair was cut in half.

"Now don't let me waste my time," said Tristram. "Where's Marhaus?"

When Marhaus saw Tristram coming, he said, "Why should a boy like you fight a man like me?"

"The occasion is public," said Tristram, "and the audience is large. I'm somewhat behind in my reputation, but if I last out the afternoon I'll be years ahead."

"It's a dastardly thing to send children to the wars," said Marhaus. "I'll leave that face of yours alone, so the sexton will be able to tell just whom he's burying."

First they tried spears, and each pushed the other off his horse, but Tristram had his side torn by the tip of the spear La Beale Isoud had poisoned. Then they drew swords and walloped as they might, blade ringing on blade or sinking into flesh, till the grass beneath them was red. Then Tristram remembered if he didn't kill Marhaus before Marhaus killed him, Mark would have the laugh. He struck so hard, the sword went through helmet and skull and into the brain-pan, and he tugged three times before he could draw it out. Then he examined the blade, to see if he must grind it again, and he saw he had nicked a piece out of it, like a half-moon, which grieved him.

Then King Anguish buried Sir Marhaus, but first the Queen and La Beale Isoud went over his wounds, out of curiosity, to know what he died of, and they found sticking in his brain-pan a half-moon of steel, which they kept for a souvenir.

But Tristram went to bed with his poison.

"Nephew," said Mark, "to see you in health again I'd give all my gold."

Tristram smiled as broad a smile as he could, being weak.

"They who made the poison," said Mark, "should know the answer to it. Why don't you

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Several of the Toughest Inmates at the Minnesota Penitentiary Broke Down and Cried Like Children When Their Head Sets Brought the World into Their Cells.

Hardboiled Convicts Calmed By Radio

EVERY time newspaper men got a "tip" that there was trouble at the Minnesota State Penitentiary enough hell usually broke loose to justify front-page headlines. For years, the penal institution at Stillwell was one of the "hardest boiled" in the country.

Its reputation got so bad that President Hoover's Wickersham Commission called it a place where men were treated almost like beasts. As late as May, 1938, another blast was loosed at it by the Osborne Association, a private research foundation, which called the prison "a monument to an outmoded penal philosophy" where "the silence system is making its last stand."

For some time the State has been sensitive to all this bad publicity. Two years ago Leo F. Utecht was made Warden and undertook a rehabilitation program. He had some original ideas as to how prisoners could be salvaged for society and none of them fitted the old-fashioned "tough-guy" school of penitentiary technique.

That didn't mean that the Warden was a "softy" who coddled prisoners at State expense. His theory was that the State actually benefited by a program with less emphasis on revenge and more on actually making men better individuals. For years he had studied prison behavior and believed that men respond best when they are given a chance to be human beings.

Today conditions at the grim, 88-year-old brick fortress are much different than formerly and Warden Utecht believes he is on the right track. The prison records seem to bear him out. The cornerstone of his program is, of all things, radio programs.

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage beast" runs the old saying and that certainly worked out in this case. Music and special events were "piped" into the prison. They accomplished more in a short time than tough guards had done by inhuman methods for nearly 100 years.

Warden Utecht called the hard-faced convicts together for several experimental broadcasts before making radio a regular part of prison routine. They were marched into the auditorium to listen to broadcasts of important baseball and football games. Guards watched each man closely for signs of disorder because experiences in the past had not been pleasant.

When the blaring bands, the exciting play-by-play descriptions and the pageantry of a big contest came over the air, the men dropped their hard-bolled expressions and their faces glowed with excitement and interest. The guards had an easy time.

Convinced that they were on the right track, the prison authorities double-checked their conclusions by asking prominent persons what they thought of putting radios in prison cells. Educators, social service workers, clergymen, lawyers, doctors and "the man in the street" overwhelmingly favored the idea. The plan was approved by the Minnesota State Board of Control and the State Director of Public Institutions. So a few weeks ago, head phones were installed in every cell.

Budget-minded citizens cannot complain that the use of these sets is adding to tax-payer expense for the $2.25 that each one costs came out of the meager pay the men earn in prison industries. The installation of receivers and miles of necessary wire was done by the convicts. Even the master control board was made in the prison's pattern shop.

The first broadcasts were tuned in at 5 p. m. immediately after the prison dinner hour but were later changed to 7 to 10 p. m. because more than 500 prisoners voluntarily attended classes between 5 and 7 p. m. Programs also are heard on Saturday, Sunday and holiday afternoons and special programs are carried before and after hours at the warden's discretion.

Inmates now guard their conduct and behavior as never before so they won't lose this prized privilege of contact with the outside world. Any inmate who violates rules against tinkering with sets or removing them from their cells is given "silent treatment" by the men themselves. Loud laughter and boisterous conduct are also taboo.

When the first broadcasts were heard there were amusing and pathetic scenes. A 220-pound Negro listening to a jitterbug program leaped from his bed and went into a dance. During an early football program, several convicts jumped up in their cells and hoarsely urged on the home team with cries of "Come on, you Gophers!" Hardened criminals broke down and wept as news, comic programs, and music came over their individual head sets.

Comments by the men themselves show how much they appreciate the radio. The "Prison Mirror," convict newspaper, outdid itself in lyric praise for what it termed the "finest and most progressive step ever taken at this institution. Here where silence has so long reigned, hope again has risen."

One convict said, "This is the first happy day I've had in 22 years. If these radios had been installed many years back, there wouldn't have been so many of us taken away to insane asylums."

Evidently that's what enlightened prison authorities like Warden Utecht believe. He holds that prisons should be places of rehabilitation not places where men are punished without a chance to develop their better natures and return to society as useful members.

Bought The World For A Million Dollars— And Lost His Head

ANUMBER of men have tried to conquer the world, including Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, and Julius Caesar, all of whom made a pretty good job of it. Currently, it would appear that Joseph Stalin and Adolf Hitler are each having a shot at this at the same time. This is curious only in that it should occur in such a supposedly enlightened age as ours, and that Stalin and Hitler pretend to be co-operating with each other instead of being rivals.

Only one person has ever avoided all the trouble connected with such an endeavor as dominating the world, and simply bought the power to do this. What is more, the world was placed on the auction block and knocked down to him as the highest bidder.

In the Spring of the year A. D. 193, the Roman Empire comprised all of the known world of that time, embracing Europe complete, Western Asia, and what had been explored of Africa and Eastern Asia. Protecting the seat of government, in Rome, was the Praetorian Guard. This royal guard, living in the palace, held in its hand the life and death of the little circle of politicians in Rome who headed the government. And the Praetorians, once a proud organization gone dissolute, took advantage of their situation when they assassinated Pertinax as soon as he became Emperor because they did not like his disciplinary measures.

The question then arose as to who should be the next emperor. The Praetorians, hasting for more money with which to carry out their licentious excesses, conceived what they believed to be a clever scheme. They would auction off the throne. As soon as they publicly announced that they would bestow the royal purple on the man who would pay the highest price for it, two men began to bid.

When Didius Salvius Julianus Marcus Had Purchased the Whole Roman Empire for the Modern Equivalent of $1,000,000, He Waddled to the Throne to Make a Windy Speech About Freedom.

One was Flavius Sulpicianus, the dead emperor's father-in-law, who wished only to prevent further disgrace to Rome by buying off the Praetorians. The other enjoyed the name of Didius Julianus, a dissolute man of wealth who indulged in curious vices.

The worthy Flavius began with an offer of a few dollars for each member of the powerful Praetorian guards. The vain Didius bettered this by a few dollars more. Flavius bid still higher until he had offered several hundred dollars for each guard. At that point Didius, with a reckless and extravagant gesture, jumped the price to a thousand dollars per guard. This sum Flavius was not in a position to better, so the Roman Empire was knocked down to Didius for the present equivalent of a million dollars. Being the entire civilized world of its time, this was, to put it mildly, something of a bargain.

The modern American equivalent of this deed would be about as if, after a fanatic had shot the President, some military group seized the government and offered the Presidency to the person who could pay the most money for it and some rich wastrel bought it.

The British equivalent would be as if, after the death of a king, the Horse Guards took over the government and put the throne on the auction block. It isn't a great deal different, in effect, from what has happened today in certain countries currently ruled by dictators.

Viewed in this light, it is interesting to learn what happened to Didius and his purchase. Like the present-day members of some totalitarian governments, the terrorized Roman senators were forced by the Praetorians to concur in the seating of Didius on the throne and to listen to him make a fatuous speech about the "freedom" of his "election." Following this hollow ceremony Didius was conducted in a military procession to take possession of the royal palace.

Outside the expressed contempt of the populace for Didius, nothing else happened until the public discontent finally spread to the provinces. Here were ambitious governors who wanted nothing better than to march on Rome, using the excuse to avenge Pertinax to ascend the throne themselves and do away with the perfidious Didius. It was Septimius Severus, who commanded the legions of the northeast section of the Empire, with headquarters in what is now Vienna, who acted first.

This great and harsh warrior, with a reputation for subduing the most vicious barbarian tribes, gathered his army and began to lead it toward Rome. He marched on foot, clad in full armor, at the head of his legions.

In Rome, Didius, who had bought the throne, received reports of the advance of Septimius in fear and trembling. He began to make frantic preparations. He called upon the Praetorian Guard to resist Septimius. Only fear and shame prevented the guards from deserting him. Reluctantly, they left the pleasures of the baths and other entertainments, and put on their arms. They had, however, all but forgotten how to use their weapons. Their bodies dissipated, they could barely bear the weight of their armor. Their elephants, long unpracticed in the arts of war, threw their riders.

As Septimius kept coming on, now only a hundred miles from Rome, Didius expressed his terror further by sending emissaries to the approaching general offering that they share the Empire. At the same time he dispatched private assassins to murder Septimius. The first Septimius spurned, the second he evaded by keeping himself constantly surrounded, day and night, with 600 men.

Nothing could stop him. He had most of the people with him, and the little resistance he met he put down without even hesitating in the course of his implacable march. He had left Vienna only four weeks ago, and now he was at the gates of Rome.

Septimius wanted to get rid of the usurper with as little bloodshed as possible. He sent word to the quaking Praetorians, that if they would hand over the murderers of Pertinax, he would spare their lives. The craven Praetorians agreed at once. Septimius entered Rome as the new Emperor and was highly acclaimed.

In the royal palace, deserted by all, Didius was found, a lone and abject figure, his folly now fully come home to him. He was lifted by the scruff of his robes into the baths of the palace, and there the man who bought the world was beheaded as a criminal by a common soldier. He had held his precarious possession for only 63 days.

Killed Himself Because The Dead Were His Friends

ONE civic job that calls for real tact is Superintendent of the town cemetery, and the citizens of the village of Backo Gradishte, Yugoslavia, considered themselves lucky because Franjo Dudash had been taking care of their dead for 35 years.

Franjo was popular for miles around because he could speak just the right word of sympathy to bereaved relatives. He also had a pleasant habit of inviting them to his cosy little chalet at the edge of the grounds where he plied them with heart-warming "shlivovitza" and cheese with chopped onion when the necessary but depressing obsequies were over. Their deep grief was forgotten for a while under the spell of his sympathetic manner and cheerful smile.

The villagers always pointed him out to strangers as the one man who never tired of his job. He kept the grass walks smooth and green. The red calla lillies and the pink, white and red geraniums bloomed better for him than for anyone else.

Franjo, even spent his days off giving the graves of his friends extra care. On many a day of rest his thick white hair could be seen bobbing up and down beside the last resting place of one of his cronies as he pulled weeds and trimmed borders.

Mrs. Dudash Found Her Husband Dying, Happy That He Was Going to Join His Cronies in the Graveyard.

Lazy municipal employes were the only ones who didn't like Franjo because they were tired of having him pointed out to them as a model they should follow. There was a man, they were told, who really loved his work. Just how much, the whole town suddenly discovered one night.

Franjo's wife was a little surprised to be awakened from her sleep by a husband who said, a little mysteriously, "Good night. I am going out."

She thought he had remembered something he had meant to do earlier and her eyes closed heavily again. But a few minutes later she awoke with a start. Low moans came from the kitchen. Her husband lay on the floor, his throat slit by his razor.

To his wife's shriek of "Why did you do it?" Franjo could barely whisper, "I had to join the dead—my dead." Then he collapsed and died.

All the village was greatly shocked but the inhabitants remembered the fine care he had given their dead whom he at last decided to stay with, and they gave him one of the finest burials in the history of the community

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The Woman Who Thinks She Has Proved That There Are Opportunities for Work All Over the Country, Even Helped Put Up a Stone Lighthouse Off the Coast of Maine.

Got A Job In Every State In The Union

WORK is a pretty scarce article now-a-days and lots of persons have permitted that defeatist feeling of "I can't get a job" to keep them from putting their best efforts to the task of finding something to do. But not Miss Lyra Ferguson. During 1939 she found a job in every State in the Union plus the District of Columbia.

Miss Ferguson has plenty of the "show me" spirit of her home State, Missouri, and it was quite a stunt for her to leave her home town of Reeds and set out literally to earn her way around the country when times weren't so good.

Anyway her family seemed to think so for they demanded that if she was going to satisfy that bad case of "itching foot" she probably caught from an ancestor, she must go armed. So she obediently carried a "gun" that had a barrel an inch and a half long and could fire blank cartridges with a feeble pop. But she did all of her shooting on this trip with a moving picture camera.

On January, 1939, Miss Ferguson took leave of her relatives, laughed off their prediction that she would soon be back under the family roof and set out with high feminine determination to make a deep dent in the unemployment statistics.

She had little money with her but she had figured things out pretty well beforehand and knew that if the job crop was what she expected it to be that she could probably make her way wherever the notion took her.

Miss Ferguson was a far-sighted and canny individual as almost any Scot would be, and she decided that perhaps the folks at home wouldn't believe she had been any farther than the next town unless she brought back proof. So she decided to photograph every State capitol in the country. Now when she flashes her own "written and produced by Lyra Ferguson" travelogue on the screen her audience remains respectfully silent until the picture ends and then asks envious questions about how she did it all by herself.

Miss Ferguson is a comely young woman, a bit on the buxom side, and she radiates competence which may be one reason why she always got a respectful hearing and more times than not, a job. She also is a versatile person, skilled in a great number of occupations. She resolved to turn down nothing.

However, when she finally sat down to count up her different occupations she found that her various jobs measured up pretty well with the abilities shown by her pioneer ancestors in making their way westward.

Off the coast of Maine, she helped build a rock lighthouse and a rock garden. She picked chickens in North Dakota for a poultry establishment. In Vermont she helped boil down sap for maple syrup and put it up in cans and jars. Oysters claimed her attention in Mississippi where she worked at the tables where the bivalves are cleaned after they were caught in the Gulf of Mexico.

In Wisconsin she was a dairy maid and in Virginia she weighed peanuts. She served as cook for a dude ranch in Washington State and then crossed the border into Oregon where she packed salmon. She went back to culinary routine in an Atlanta, Georgia, cafeteria where she made salads for a week. She learned more about canning factories in Washington, Tennessee, washing turnip greens. At Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, she had one of her most enjoyable jobs. A year before she had studied dramatics so she performed at the assembly exercises of that school.

Miss Ferguson held pretty closely to her schedule of "a job a week" which means that she had about 50 different occupations in the course of a year. She hadn't missed a meal by the year's end. She also found Americans kind whether they were bums on the road or wealthy employers. Not one of the many motorists who gave her a lift or fellow hikers along the way ever molested her.

"The signs which say, 'See America First' certainly do give the right advice," she says, "especially for the unemployed man or woman who wants to work his or her way around the country. So far as I was concerned, there was no unemployment. Usually, all I had to do was ask for a job to get it."

Her last jobs took her through the States of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana and then she went to Washington, D. C., to photograph the capitol of the United States. Miss Ferguson thought the period of job-holding was over for a while but she got a pleasant surprise. Other jobs were waiting for her. Right now she has to decide whether she will make a 38-day tour of Chile, an appearance on a "Believe It Or Not" radio program or write her job-tour experiences for a newspaper syndicate. For a year she chased jobs. Now they're chasing her.

The energetic and industrious young woman from Missouri is not so impractical as to think that the nation's unemployment problem can be solved if everyone out of a job and willing to work starts on a circuit of the country.

She knows, as well as the next one, that there is a great army of unemployables under present conditions.

But she is convinced that thousands of people aren't working because they lack the gumption to get out and find a job no matter what it is.

Has UNHAPPY William Powell Mended His Heart at Last?

So Conservative He Couldn't Believe Carole Lombard Really Meant to Divorce Him, the "Thin Man" of the Movies Waited Too Long to Make Up His Mind About Marrying Jean Harlow, But 21-Year-Old Diana Lewis Conquered His Celebrated "Heart-Control" in Two Weeks

By HARRISON CARROLL,
Well-known Motion Picture Columnist.

IT NEVER was said that nobody loves a thin man. Nor was it ever pretended that William Powell, "Thin Man" of the films, spared his romances so conservatively because of any lack of cordial invitations to Hollywood's love-bounty.

He stayed married to his first wife, Eileen Wilson, for 15 years and would still be married to his second, Carole Lombard, if she had not taken decisive steps in the direction of Reno. Growing thinner and more conservative, Mr. Powell pondered the question of marrying the late Jean Harlow, during an engagement of two years and then, just as he decided that it was right, she suddenly died.

Heart-broken, he built her a $25,000 mausoleum and mourned for the platinum blonde for three years. Then, having established a reputation as the outstanding exponent of heart-control among the movie stars, this 48-year-old conservative dumbfounded the entire picture world the other day by marrying 21-year-old Diana Lewis, after only two weeks' acquaintance.

Since nothing happens without a cause, there must be a reason for such a violent change in a life-time love tempo. A glance at the picture of Diana may suggest one good reason, perhaps the only one many men would need, but some of Mr. Powell's friends feel that isn't enough to account for his sudden decision.

For instance, just before Christmas the "Thin Man" was seen occupying the chair next to Loretta Young at the opening of "Gone With the Wind."

Miss Young is as famous, beautiful and generally-alluring as they come. Yet nothing happened and he went away and fell in love at first sight, soon afterwards, with Miss Lewis.

Before that he had been seen with Ginger Rogers and other charmers reputed to be so fascinating that they can unseat the ordinary man's reason in half an hour. That after all this immunity Mr. Powell should come down with a sudden and violent case of love at first sight and give up to it without a struggle is as strange as George Bernard Shaw's alleged catching of smallpox after having been vaccinated.

If it took two years of engagement for the "Thin Man" to make the great decision about Miss Harlow, is it to be supposed that Miss Lewis is 52 times more overpowering? Hollywood supposes nothing of the kind because it is improbable. The "best opinion" on the Coast is that Mr. Powell's unhappy experience as a marriage procrastinator caused him to feel that his whole love policy was wrong.

During those three years of mourning he must have realized that had he "obeyed that impulse" the moment he and Miss Harlow fell in love, they might at least have enjoyed two years of married happiness—for it is generally agreed that she was in love with him and willing to marry him. Possibly marriage might have so changed her life that the fatal attack of poisoning, said to have been caused by excessive sun-bathing, might never have happened and she might still be starring in all her glory today.

To explain why Mr. Powell felt that impulse at the sight of Diana would be explaining love itself, but having felt it, the unhappy actor may well have thought of that lost love in its $25,000 crypt and in terror have turned into the whirlwind type of suitor such as one would expect of a kid-star like Mickey Rooney.

It happens, or so it is believed, that Mickey, though by no means thin or unhappy, suffered the pangs of procrastinated love, at the age of 15, and at the hands of this same Miss Lewis.

Mr. Rooney, at the advanced age of about 19, looked far back into his youth, when he was only 15, and admitted courtship of Diana while both were attending the Fairfax High School in Hollywood.

When Mickey asked Diana to wait a little for him, he says she gave him this not entirely satisfactory answer:

"Come back in five years when you have grown up."

From a woman of 17, this hurt and he gave up his whirlwind pursuit for the time being. When informed that Miss Lewis had become the third Mrs. Powell, he remarked:

"Youth will be served, so I am told. Served what? A mitten. I guess Mr. Powell was more suave than I."

However, his loss seems not to have impaired his health—any more than it has the health of other members of the Hollywood younger set, including Donald Barry, Jackie Cooper, Tommy Wunder and Tom Neal, all of whom are supposed to be sitting with Mickey on the mourner's bench.

As far as Hollywood is concerned, Eileen Wilson, the bride of the "Thin Man's" youth, is a shadowy figure. The two met while playing in a road company of Bayard Veiller's phenomenal hit, "Within the Law." Powell was not so far removed from the stage-struck boy who had played Captain Jack Absolute in a production of "The Rivals" at the Central Union High School in Kansas City. Eileen Wilson was a week short of being 18 years old when she and the future film star were married.

Mr. Powell's first love was granted a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty, early in 1930 and is now living quietly, with their son, almost 15, in the San Fernando Valley.

Early in 1931, the romance of Bill Powell and Carole Lombard began to take shape. They made two pictures together, "Man of the World" and "Ladies' Man." Hollywood considered Carole and Bill a curious combination In those days. Powell, Richard Barthelmess and Ronald Colman were known as "The Three Musketeers." Sophisticates all three, they shunned the gay places of film colony night life, confined their fun more or less to the homes of close friends or to yachting parties and fishing trips.

Even at the studio, Powell was different. Where most of the stars used to eat in the commissary, or grab a sandwich at a nearby restaurant, Bill had a formal and elegant luncheon routine. His meals were invariably served in his dressing-room, to which he retired and closed the door. A table was set and the food was properly served. Nobody thought of interrupting the rite unless invited. It wasn't that Powell was snooty (nobody ever accused him of that). He just had his set ways. Also he may have had digestive disturbances which some think worse than heart disturbances.

Carole Lombard, on the other hand, was gay and informal. She had come up from Mack Sennett comedies, completed an apprenticeship with De Mille and was then playing leads at Paramount. However, she hadn't yet found herself as an actress, or even as a woman. She was just about a year older then than Bill's new bride. Only a little while before, she had been winning dance contests at the Cocoanut Grove and other night spots of the day.

After trying for months to get a vacation at the same time, Carole and Bill were married in June of 1931. The ceremony was performed at Carole's home. Bill's father, Horatio Powell, was his best man. Immediately, the couple left for a honeymoon in romantic Honolulu.

Illness of the bride put something of a damper on the honeymoon. Carole was pretty sick. She was always fragile, going half the time on nervous energy. This uncertain health later was to play a part in breaking up the marriage that had so completely captured Hollywood's imagination.

But before this happened each was able to give valuable help to the other's career. The woman performed the great service of getting the man out of himself into a gayer, less set way of life. In return he, who had so much poise, was able to teach his wife how to develop that valuable asset.

The couple seemed happy enough. They gave parties but they were Bill's kind of quiet parties. It was not until after the divorce that Carole started throwing the parties that gave her the reputation of Hollywood's most original hostess.

Darryl Zanuck lured Powell away from Paramount with a contract paying $7,500 a week, and though Carole stayed on, this was hardly cause for divorce. The first ominous sign was when she was seen brooding in her dressing-room, instead of going home after work. Then came six months of nervous prostration, followed by a trip to Nevada and divorce. This was contrary to the ideas of her husband who said at the time:

"My wife's departure is a terrible shock. She gave me no intimation, and her arrival in Nevada is a complete surprise."

The explanation came from the actress, who said:

"There is a great difference in our ages. Bill is 42, I am 24. He has lived a full life. I am just beginning to live mine. Bill wants to travel. He is even thinking of retiring when he finishes his contract at Warner Brothers. I have my career ahead of me."

Another thing, she said, was their conflicting work schedules. He might be resting between pictures while she was hard at work, and vice versa.

Miss Lombard gave their marriage the gentlest kind of euthanasia, asking no alimony, though Powell was then worth over a million.

No wonder they are still the best of friends, able to play opposite each other in pictures without "biting in the clinches." He even went to her for consolation in his grief over another woman. Love is not only a mystery but an accident, because Miss Harlow might have been nothing in his life if M-G-M had not cast them together in the picture "Reckless."

Meanwhile Bill had become known as the "Thin Man," through another accident. He played in a movie of that title, with Myrna Loy, but he was not the thin man in it. That was played by Edward Ellis, according to writers, directors, publicity men, contracts and everything else. But the public preferred to consider Powell, not Ellis, the "Thin Man" and, of course, the customer is always right.

Jean had just "washed up" her third marriage by divorce from Cameraman Hal Rosson, when the new engagement was unofficially announced in the Spring of 1935. On the theory that opposites attract, this was an easily understood match. Volatile, explosively emotional but somewhat informal of speech and manner, Jean had blown her money as fast as she earned it. Powell was precisely the opposite in every way, including that he had saved his. The only mystery was why the "Thin Man" did not accept the eager love at once. What was the delay?

One very close to Powell explained the mystery in this way. He said that Bill would have married Jean in a minute except that he feared the close attachment between the star and her mother, Mrs. Bello. Bill and Mrs. Bello got along very well indeed but, according to this friend, the star feared that some day family ties might make trouble.

Then, with appalling suddenness, while she was making the picture "Saratoga," Jean Harlow became desperately ill. Uremic poisoning set in and on June 7, 1937, incredulous Hollywood learned that the star was dead.

Powell's grief was heart-rending. "Get Carole over here," he said. But, before she could arrive, the doctor was compelled to give him a sedative.

The "Thin Man" was near collapse at the funeral and rarely himself from then on. Not long ago there were reports that he was dying in a hospital, after an abdominal operation. But he rallied and was seen with a succession of film beauties, which meant nothing but that he was trying to get back to normal life. Then came the latest accident in Powell's life.

A director asked permission to shoot a few scenes on the grounds of the Powell home and was told that its owner didn't care. The "Thin Man" sauntered out to watch and Cupid shot him—and not with a camera either.

Is Mr. Powell going to win this gamble? Their ages are against it but the young bride's background is compatible, for she belongs to show business even more definitely than he. Her father is J. C. Lewis, whom theatrical folk have known for years as Si Plunkett. Her mother, Hedilie Lewis, also is an old trouper. Her sister, Maxine Lewis, once married to Donald Cook, is a well-known cafe entertainer. Her brother, J. C. Lewis, Jr., is a program director at a broadcasting station.

Unquestionably Mr. Powell will be permitted to continue supporting and cherishing Jean Harlow's aging dachshund but whether her large photograph will remain in its place of prominence is a matter of speculation.

The Second Mrs. Powell, Carole Lombard. She Learned Poise From Her Suave Husband and Taught Him to Play—But the Marriage Cracked Up.

Tragic Jean Harlow, About Whom Mr. Powell Couldn't Make Up His Mind Until Too Late and for Whom He Built a $25,000 Mausoleum.

CULVER SERVICE

Now Towering Above All Others in the "Thin Man's" Affections—Vivacious Diana Lewis, the Young Starlet Whose Charm Won Over Mr. Powell's "Heart-Control" After the Famous Hollywood Beauties Had Failed.

The Loser! and the Winner! Youthful Mickey Rooney and Suave, Sophisticated Mr. Powell. "I Guess Mr. Powell Was More Suave Than I," Said Mickey, When He Heard of Mr. Powell's Marriage.

CULVER SERVICE

Mr. Powell's First Heart Interest, Eileen Wilson, Who Married Him Before He Became a Star.

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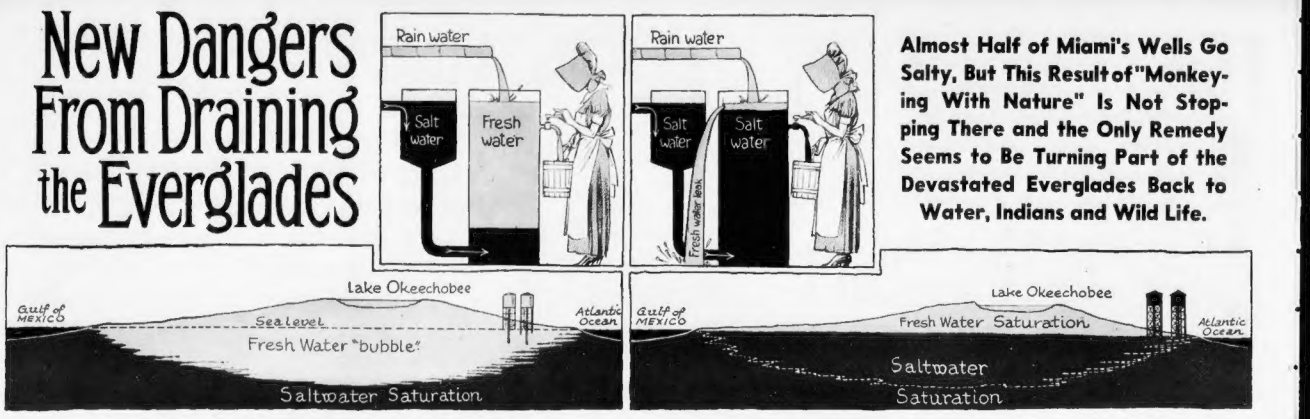
New Dangers From Draining the Everglades



At the Top Are Two Sample Diagrams Illustrating What Is Happening to Southern Florida Because of Its Canals, Big and Small, Draining the Everglades. Before Man Monkeyed With Nature There, the Peninsula's Underground Fresh Water Supply Was Like That Shown in the First Diagram With the Pressure of the Stored-up Rain Water Balancing the Salt Water Pressure of Ocean and Gulf. In the Second Diagram, a Fresh Water Leak Is Shown Which Typifies the Fresh Water Leak Caused by the Big and Little Canals Draining the 'Glades. Where the Woman Got Fresh Water From the Faucet, She Now Gets Salt Because the Fresh Water Pressure That Held Back the Salt Water Has Been Dangerously Lessened, and So the Salt Water Takes the Place of the Fresh. Beneath These Two Diagrams Is Shown the Identically Same Results in the Vast Subterranean Fresh Water Reservoir of Florida. And Why Miami's Wells That Once Tapped Fresh Water Now Tap Salt. For Simplification This Fresh Water Reservoir Is Called a "Bubble" Although Actually It Is a Complex System Running Through Channels, Cracks and Caverns in the Underground Rocks.

Almost Half of Miami's Wells Go Salty, But This Result of "Monkeying With Nature" Is Not Stopping There and the Only Remedy Seems to Be Turning Part of the Devastated Everglades Back to Water, Indians and Wild Life.

By EARL A. GRAHAM,
Fellow American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

SEVEN of the fifteen wells which supply the city of Miami, Florida, with water have turned salt. This means that man, in his blundering, has not only upset the balance of Nature, but reversed the ancient march of the underground rain water to the sea.

For the first time, probably in millions of years, the fresh water under the city's streets is in retreat and at its heels comes Neptune's limitless ocean.

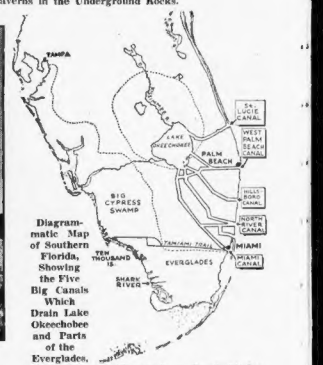
This is not a mere local conquest. Reports of other wells farther north being captured by the salt sea, indicate a mass invasion, likely to overrun a large part of the state unless man stops further tinkering and repairs the damage he has already perpetrated.

That this will be done vigorously and as promptly as possible, there is no doubt. The $300,000 fund contributed by the coastal cities and the National Resources Planning Board is the first step toward finding out which mistake is most to blame and how to correct them all.

In the meantime, $46,000 was recently appropriated by the Miami City Commission to build immediately a catch basin to trap surface water in the event that more wells have to be closed.

S. W. ROMER Photo

Photograph of a Great Fire in the Everglades Last Year — and a Drainage Canal Which Was One of Its Real Causes — Which Destroyed Thousands of Birds and Other Wild Life, and Burned the Rich Dry Soil Down to Bed Rock.



Diagrammatic Map of Southern Florida, Showing the Five Big Canals Which Drain Lake Okeechobee and Parts of the Everglades, But There Are Thousands of Small Ditches.

When anyone looks down a well he sees a round pool of water, apparently as motionless and imprisoned as that in the bucket he fills. But it is not stationary. It is live, moving water, part of an almost universal subterranean tide of former raindrops, creeping back to the sea they came from.

Where there is a surface channel, the creep turns into a run, in the form of a river. The slow underground crawl, however, is far more important because it is the pressure of the fresh water in the earth that keeps the salt water of the ocean from invading and saturating the subsoil of the coast areas.

This fresh-water coast guard is so efficient that it is usually possible to dig a well in the sand of an ocean beach and get fresh water. In many places an artesian well can be driven into the ocean bottom, some distance from land, and still fetch pure drinking water.

When Miami helped herself through those wells, it made little more impression on the vast, moving, underground reservoir than to have pumped it from a broad river. The trouble was elsewhere. Florida has been a guinea-pig state for engineering experiments, heavily tinged with politics, and is suffering from them.

A long peninsula, it is not only almost surrounded by salt water but so low that a pole vaulter could almost vault from sea water level to the highest point in many places. It seems almost miraculous that an apparently defenseless salient of sand with an under base of limestone rock did not remain a desert, a no-man's land, instead of a garden spot. Man might have suspected that Nature had only managed it by a most delicate balance which he would do well to respect.

In the first place the state enjoys an abundant rainfall, which has not been interfered with because man has not yet discovered how to tamper with the weather. There is not much in the way of rivers, which is also an advantage because most all the rain must find its way to the sea through the soil.

That feature man could "improve" and did so by adding 440 miles of artificial rivers in the form of canals, to say nothing of the big ship canal project which only recently was defeated in Congress (and about whose future its proponents still have hopes.)

The mighty Amazon not only keeps its mouth clear of salt water but sweetens the surrounding ocean so that one can drink its water out of sight of land. But most river mouths are at least brackish and often the tide forces the salt taint many miles up stream. Because of the lowness of the land the flow in the Florida canals is so sluggish as to make salt water intrusion especially easy.

PIPER-GENDREAU, N.Y.

A Natural Scene in the Everglades as Yet Untouched by Man's "Drainage," Which Is a Resort of Wild Life, and Where the Rain Water Collects and Seeps Down to Feed the Great Underground Reservoir.

The subterranean structure of Florida makes it unusually easy in many places for the salt water to penetrate from these canal-wounds into the fresh water veins.

One of the Commission's tasks is determining to what degree the salt water is penetrating through these gashes, but the main cause is something far harder to correct.

In the heart of the peninsula had always been Lake Okeechobee and the vast swamp of the Everglades, an area that was a total loss as far as the politicians were concerned, because there seemed no way of getting taxes out of it. True, a few lazy Indians and whites made a precarious living in the wilderness and it was a sanctuary for wild life, but these did not pay tribute for being allowed to live.

By partially lowering the level of the lake, a large part of the swamps would be drained. This would turn the rich, black muck which had been collecting for millions of years, into dry soil, so rich that with the addition of some important mineral elements, such as potash and phosphorous, the land itself could be made to grow sugar cane and most anything else adapted to the climate. Such things would mean men, buildings, profits and taxes. All they had to do was dig a few canals. Competent engineers said the project was perfectly sound, and sound it proved to be, all but for one thing—they were tinkering with the balance of Nature.

A few "old moss-backs" who happened to know what man had brought down upon himself by similar bright ideas, protested.

Was it safe to waste this great natural reservoir of water? Of course it was! The old conservatives were silenced with hoots of derision.

Who wanted a reservoir of water when one could get water easily with a spade in many places and in others a shallow drilled well would tap caverns of cold, delicious water? Florida was just a great fresh-water tank.

The canals were dug, the lake lowered, the swamp lands became dry and everything turned out as the optimists had promised. Men, women and children moved in, sugar cane and other crops flourished with exuberance, houses, mills, stores, sprang into being — so did the taxes. All this where there had been nothing but a wilderness. Then came the first rather mild hint that old Mother Nature was somewhat cold to the idea.

Killing frosts were unusually severe and went further South than usual. Those who had protested asked if perhaps the lake and swamp had not previously acted as a gigantic hot water bottle. They were told that it was only a coincidence, because frosts like that came in irregular cycles anyhow.

But this was followed by something that could not so easily be laughed off. Tornadoes, with 100-mile-an-hour wind hurled ten-foot waves across the shallow lake over the low banks, ruining crops, wrecking buildings and drowning hundreds—yes thousands—of the newly-arrived population.

Well, there always had been tornadoes and it was up to the engineers to build protective dikes or further lower the lake during the Fall tornado season. Perhaps more, bigger and deeper canals was the right answer.

While they were working on that problem came what was the most serious warning of all. The thoroughly dried-out swamp lands began to take fire. These fires gained such headway that the entire resources of the state could not extinguish them.

It was too bad that a lot of beautiful birds and animals, mostly "varmints," had lost their homes but should that weigh against the thousands of human beings who had been made prosperous by that reclamation project?

Fire and water are proverbial enemies. Water puts out fire but fire puts out water when it gets the chance. When the raindrops fell into the wet surface of the swamp or its dank vegetation, they became part of the swamp and lake, the vast reservoir from which the soil and all the natural catacombs of buried water got their pressure and reserves.

Falling now on the hard-baked, dead soil, some of the raindrops evaporated when the sun came out, but most of them ran rapidly over the surface to the canals and to the sea.

Man had wasted his principal, and Nature presented the first instalment of her bill for damages, right in the middle of hard times.

Florida, like most other parts of the country, was suffering from drought. This had happened before and always the water table, though a little lower at such times, did not fall to a dangerous point, and there was no question about keeping the ocean in its place.

Nobody seems to have realized that this was due to a large loan from the lake and swamp. But not this time. Old Man Neptune finding no fresh water coast guard to oppose his entry, started laying claim to the peninsula. Some way must be found to dispossess him from the wells he has already attached and keep him from grabbing any more.

Of course the canals can be closed permanently at the sea end which would stop further invasion by seepage, and many of them already have locks that serve that purpose.

If this is done, the lake will rise eventually to its natural level, the swamp lands will be flooded again, vegetation, birds, "varmints" and maybe the Indians and alligators will return and the ocean will be driven back.

But who is going to pay for the drowned-out farms, mills and other industries? The solution would seem to be in some sort of compromise, in which it must be determined how much water should be kept in the great reservoir in order to prevent water-bankruptcy in several counties, which produce most of the revenues.

The three counties of Okeechobee, Glades and Hendry are considered to represent the productive area of Everglades drainage operations; in comparisons given in the Department of Commerce "Consumer Market Handbook" for 1939, covering results of census studies for 1935, the five counties of Dade, Broward, Palm Beach, Martin, and Saint Lucie are considered to represent the productive coast area.

The coast counties, compared with the Everglades counties, sold 65 times as much retail goods; employed 80 times as many people, and paid them nearly 100 times more wages; had farms valued at 6 times the value of 'Glades farms, and 3 times as many people on the farms; and in 1930, had 22 times the total permanent population of the Everglades.

On the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number the coastal area is clearly entitled to first consideration in any weighing of relative needs of the two areas. Only by a lengthy technical study can one be certain to what extent the Everglades can be drained without damaging the fresh-water supply along the coast. It seems certain that the danger point has already been passed and that the lake and Everglade water levels must be regulated to put water back in the storage rock strata.

Fortunately that can be done when it rains again by reducing the outflow from Lake Okeechobee to the sea through direct drainage by the Saint Lucie and the Caloosahatchee routes so the lake overflows or drains out on the Everglades to the south and southeast.

It is true that the coast counties also have their roots in the Everglades, but it is also true that by far the greater part of their productive wealth is from lands and efforts which now are adversely affected by drainage. It is obvious that the paramount interest of the coast cities—and farms—is to maintain a secure and adequate supply of fresh water suitable in every way for domestic, industrial, and truck-farm use and that no interests of any other nature should stand in the way of permanently assuring this supply of potable water.

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

The Destroying Demon of the 'Glades and Their Water Supply — a Big Dredge Working Through a Rain Conserving Swamp and Making a Drain to Carry Uselessly Off the Precious Water.

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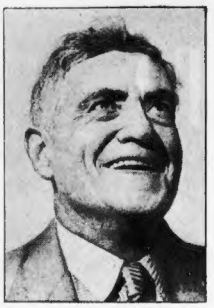
LAST ESCAPE of the Prince of Jail-Breakers



Crime Didn't Pay! On the Left, Roy Gardner at the Height of His Train-robbing Career, Athletic, Sharp-eyed and Fearless; and on the Right, at the Time of His Release After 17 Years in Prison, His Ageing, Pudgy Face Alight With the Hope That Was Soon to Fade.

Roy Gardner, Houdini of Train Robbers, Shrank From Injuring His Victims; Used Wooden Bullets to Avoid Murder. Then Couldn't Stand the Freedom He So Desperately Sought. So Executed Himself in His Own Gas Chamber—But First He Warned Others Against the Lethal Fumes

By BRYAN O'BRIEN.

THE notorious Roy Gardner, Prince of Jail-breakers, made his last escape the other day—but this time it wasn't from a prison constructed of stone and steel, and it wasn't from officers of the law.

It wasn't from any material thing at all!

This time the prison was fear; fear of what might happen to him, or what he might be driven to do now that his freedom had been given to him. And what tracked him down in the end, more relentlessly that any badge-wearing, gun-toting man-hunter, was his own spectacular past.

He couldn't live it down, that past, and he couldn't get away from it on this earth, no matter which way he turned or what he tried.

The last of the daring, old-time bandits, who robbed trains single-handed, who stole close to half a million dollars without firing a shot, and who won a reputation for not knowing the meaning of fear, had discovered the meaning of that word at last. Trapped in a different kind of prison from any he had ever known before, a "psychological prison," he was completely bewildered.

So he made his escape in the only way he could—by killing himself.

All his life there seemed to be only one thing he really dreaded, and that was that he might some day commit murder. And in the end he behaved as if he had committed murder.

As if determined to save the state further trouble, he acted as his own judge and jury, condemned himself to death—and then, serving as his own executioner, he carried out the sentence. And, ironically, he carried it out in the manner prescribed by law in several states—by lethal gas.

The other night, an electric sign, flashing through the window of a San Francisco hotel threw scarlet highlights on the haggard, beaten features of Roy Gardner lying, pondering wretchedly, on his rumpled bed. Suddenly, as the police picture the scene, he got up, a grim, resolved smile on his well-cut lips, and began packing his few belongings in two suitcases. He addressed them to relatives and placed a half dollar on each as a tip for the porter who would carry them out.

Sitting at the desk he wrote a notice on a half sheet of hotel paper. Then he took a package from his coat thrown across a chair. Picking up the notice he reached out into the hall and pinned it on the door. Then he closed the door, locked it and stuffed a sheet into the crack at the bottom. After that he stood up, stretching still powerful limbs. His reflection caught his eye; tousled gray hair above a pale, wrinkled forehead and eyes that stared defiantly.

Opening the package he took from it a blue bottle and a small box. He poured the contents of the bottle into a drinking glass placed on a small table. Then he shook two tablets from the box into the glass.

There was slight effervescence and vapor tainted with almonds filled the close atmosphere. Snatching up a towel, he draped it over his head and made a hood about the glass, bending close above it, as he sat on the bed, breathing deeply, eyes tight shut. Suddenly through the reek of almonds, agony ripped his lungs. His hands gripped the table in tortured convulsion. Again he breathed in, writhing with torment. Then he collapsed, his head knocking the side of the table. His knees buckled and he dropped, a huddled heap on the floor.

This was late at night and the hall was dimly lighted, so it just happened that no one noticed the death warning on the door until the next morning when Madelyn Langston, a chambermaid, started on her rounds. Her curiosity aroused, she went over and read it:

"Do not open this door. Poison gas. Call the police."

Screaming, the girl ran down the hall. In a little while police crowded around the door.

Cautiously they forced it and one turned over the dead man.

"Roy Gardner," they gasped.

Thus the man who feared no one but himself escaped from himself.

But there was no fear in Roy Gardner's daring heart the day he escaped from McNeil Island, the bleak Federal prison in Puget Sound.

It is as impregnable a fortress as the Chateau d'If, from which Monte Cristo escaped, and like that ancient stronghold, guarded from the mainland by two miles of treacherous, swift flowing currents.

Twice Gardner escaped from officers who were taking him there—after warning them each time that they never would hold him. It was no good to lock him up in McNeil, he said, because he would get away, no matter how closely he was watched. And he did!

The third attempt to get him to the island succeeded, and once within the prison Gardner seemed to settle down. But he was biding his time.

On Labor Day, 1921 there was a baseball game between two prison teams. Two hundred and fifty convicts grouped in the exercise yard to watch. They were surrounded by a lofty, barbed wire fence at each corner of which was posted an armed guard. Outside one stretch of wire was a three hundred yard space where the prison dairy herd grazed, and beyond that a "slashing" where timber had been felled in the twelve square miles of tangled forest which made up the island.

The prisoners shuffled to their places. In the back row sat three men, silent and watchful. They were Impyn, a soldier serving a life sentence; Bogart, another lifer, and Roy Gardner.

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire.

The convicts settled comfortably to watch. Listening to their cheering and ribald threats to the umpire, the guards relaxed, leaning on their rifles.

It was near the end of the game; the batting team was two runs behind. There were two men on bases and the pitcher glanced about him before he wound up for his famous fast curve. The ball flew; there was a crack and it soared over the pitcher's head.

"Homer!" yelled the convicts jumping to their feet.

That was what Gardner waited for.

"Come on!" he snapped and sprinted for the barbed wire, followed by the two lifers.

No one noticed the fleeing men until Gardner reached the wire and, jerking out a pair of wire cutters he had stolen from a workshop, started to snip the strands. Impyn and Bogart danced with impatience beside him. Suddenly one of the guards looked around.

"Halt!" he roared and threw up his rifle.

"Come on! Get through," panted Gardner, holding the wires apart.

Impyn ducked after him as a rifle cracked. He dropped, coughing. Another rifle spoke and Bogart stumbled and fell. Gardner, head down, raced across the cleared space towards the slashing. Now the convicts knew what was up and yelling like wolves ran for the broken wire. Half the guards manned the breach to intercept them, while others fired after the fleeing man.

Bullets cut the ground about Gardner's flying feet and suddenly he sprawled in the dust, gripping his right leg. But he scrambled up and limped on. Another bullet knocked him down and again he weaved to his feet and, staggering, disappeared in the slashing.

The convicts were shouting, crowding close. Bogart was dead and Impyn gasped his last half an hour later.

"March the men to their cells," ordered the warden. "He can't get away. We'll have him before morning."

Sullenly the prisoners shuffled back to quarters while guards ran to the slashing. It was growing dark and searchlights swept the ground from the prison towers.

"Get that fence mended, and fire the slashing. We'll smoke him out."

But the smoke blinded the guards and under its cover Gardner, faint from loss of blood and in agony from his wounded legs, circled them and hid himself in the prison hayloft. Creeping behind some bales of fodder he lost consciousness. And next morning, he awakened with a raging thirst to listen breathlessly to guards passing his hideout. His legs tortured him and hunger and thirst drove him frantic. But he lay there clenching his teeth against the groans that tried to pass his parched lips. When night came he crawled to where the dairy cows were stabled. They stamped, lowing uneasily, but he quieted them and managed to coax a little milk from one. For three days he hid in the loft, creeping down to milk enough to keep him alive.

Then he crawled away to the forest. He heard guards shouting to each other and twice they passed so close that he could have touched them.

Two nights later he crept to the shore. The racing tide ripped at the rocks. With a deep breath he slipped into the icy water and felt the powerful current snatch him away.

Striking out carefully, he swept past the prison. Then he was alone in freezing blackness. For an hour he swam, the cold soaking through to his bones. Once he let himself sink as a motor boat pounded near.

Gasping for breath and cursing at the pain from his leg, he struggled on. It seemed hours until, desperate, he let his feet down and touched bottom. It was nearly midnight when, fainting with exhaustion and pain, he dragged himself onto a lonely mainland beach. He stood up, despite the pain of his wounds, and filled his aching lungs.

Again the Prince of Jail-breakers was free.

In 1920, single-handed and in broad daylight, Roy Gardner committed his most daring robbery of a U. S. Mail truck, from which he stole $75,000. Captured some days later, he laughed and showed that his gun had been loaded with wooden bullets.

"I didn't want to hurt anybody," he explained.

Sentenced to twenty-five years on McNeil Island, he laughed.

"I'd like to do it to please the Judge," he told reporters. "But I'm afraid McNeil will never see me, and if I ever happen to land there, it will be a short visit."

June 7, 1920, two guards started with Gardner, Tow Wing and another Chinese criminal for McNeil. That night, just as the train pulled into the east-side railroad yards in Portland, Oregon, Wing was bemoaning his fate in whining Chinese.

"Must think that scenery looks like China," suggested Gardner.

The nearest guard turned to look through the window. In that instant Gardner, with unbelievable rapidity, snatched his revolver.

"Put your hands up," he snapped. "Get their keys, Wing."

The Chinese leaned over, and unlocked Gardner's leg irons and handcuffs, while the latter snatched a revolver from the other guard.

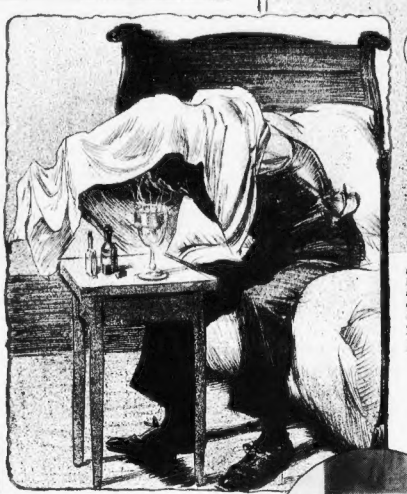
The fuming marshals were manacled to heating pipes and Gardner put the lights out. Then he disappeared as though by magic.

A year later he was captured again, after another daring, single-handed mail robbery, and sentenced to another twenty-five years at McNeil.

"It's my duty to warn you," he said, coolly, "that I'm not going to McNeil. I shall

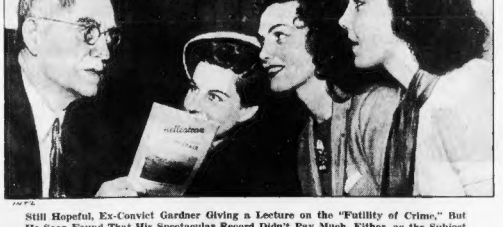
(Continued on Page 20)

He Condemned Himself to Die as Murderers Die, So Great Was His Fear of Killing Someone—He Posted a Death Warning on the Door, Dropped Cyanide Pellets In a Glass of Acid, Covered His Head with a Towel and Inhaled the Deadly Fumes. He Had Escaped for the Last Time.



The Lone Bandit's Ex-Wife, the Former Dolly Nelson. A Good Influence During His Criminal Career, She Got an Annulment When Convinced a Parole Was Hopeless.

The "Oregon Boot," or 20-Pound Shackle, Which Roy Wore on His Way to Prison But, Like Houdini, He Had a Tricky Method of Getting It Off.



Still Hopeful, Ex-Convict Gardner Giving a Lecture on the "Futility of Crime," But He Soon Found That His Spectacular Record Didn't Pay Much, Either, as the Subject for Lectures, Articles, Books and Side-Show Ballyhoo—And That Was When He Was Seized With the Great Fear That Drove Him to His Last "Jail-Break."

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HERE'S THE BIG ANSWER TO Better Times

See how much more comfort, luxury and security await you in the longest, widest, strongest Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher that General Motors cars have ever had

The 1940 Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser.

OPEN wide the doors of this sparkling beauty—and you'll see 1940's biggest contribution to a more abundant motoring life.

Here are broader seats and lengthened leg room. Here is visibility that extends your view still farther. Here is even more shockproof ruggedness than automobile bodies have provided before.

In short, here is the longest, widest, strongest Unisteel Body by Fisher that ever enhanced the value of General Motors cars.

Pile in—three in front, three in back. There's plenty of rest-easy elbowroom now—wherever you sit, even with a full carload of passengers.

You settle down in uncrowded comfort, on sofa-soft seats that are as relaxing as those on luxurious living-room furniture. You extend your feet forward as far as your comfort dictates.

And you look out upon the passing scenes or traffic through glass areas that are not only larger—but that assure you of freedom from eyestrain.

Planned Vision—You Won't Want to Miss

One ride in this new Body by Fisher—as a driver in the thick of traffic or as a passenger on some scenic trip—and you'll never be happy in a motorcar body that lacks all the benefits of Planned Vision.

It increases your view of the road ahead through a substantially wider windshield. It gives you a better picture of the traffic behind, through a more accurately positioned rear-view mirror and a back window that is from 10% to 18% larger.

And then, it eliminates wavy, eye-fatiguing distortion on all sides—by the use of clear distortion-free Safety *Plate* Glass all around.

There's not a single square inch of ordinary Safety *Sheet* (or laminated "window") Glass anywhere in the 1940 Body by Fisher—not even in the lowest-priced models.

All these advances you can see for yourself at first glance. But there's still another you may not notice until your car has clicked off thousands and thousands of miles.

This is the new doubly reenforced sturdiness of the new Fisher Body's Unisteel construction.

New Strength, New Safeguards

Maybe you're hard on a car. Maybe you're not. But it's mighty reassuring to know that the body you ride in has unmatched strength and stamina, that you and your family are getting every modern safeguard known to automobile body engineers.

Well, here you ride beneath a higher crowned Turret Top that's more stalwartly trussed by new roof-rail reenforcements—with new double steel panels on both sides—with stronger steel support rails under a solid ribbed steel floor.

Easy-to-operate Fisher No Draft Ventilation is crank-controlled, lets you set the Ventipanes exactly as you want them and assures their staying put.

EASY ON THE EYES

Genuine Safety *Plate* Glass actually eliminates the distortion waves produced by ordinary safety "window" glass. What's more, exhaustive tests show that it reduces eyestrain 62%—and Body by Fisher provides this better visibility for all passengers, through all glass areas, in all of the new General Motors cars.

So if you're seeking top value for whatever money you intend to spend—let these big Body by Fisher improvements be your guide.

Or go further, if you will, into other details—such as the new efficiency of its pad-type insulation—the sure and easy operation of crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation—the craftsmanship responsible for such exquisitely distinguished interior fabrics and fittings.

Hundreds of thousands of other motorists have heeded this advice. That's why you hear so many of them say, "The buyword for '40 is Body by Fisher"—which means a General Motors car, of course.

• • •

"BIGGER AND BETTER IN EVERYTHING" *is what they're saying of the 1940 Oldsmobile. And how well that applies to its smart, new Body by Fisher. Not only is it structurally stronger—it also provides stronger, safer, Hi-Test Safety* Plate Glass *in all door windows and Ventipanes, as well as in the wider windshield, of the Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser shown here.*

UNISTEEL TURRET TOP

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TRAGEDY NO. 3 Deepens the Mystery of Missing Millionaire Small

The Canadian Theatre Magnate Vanished 21 Years Ago, Then His Wife Hid Away Until Her Own Death; Her Confession That She Killed Him Turned Out to Be a Forgery —Now His Sister Has Just Died on Her Honeymoon and the Lone Survivor of the Family Says It Was Murder

TWO fishermen pulled in the bodies of Gertrude Small and her husband from the icy waters of the Nottawasaga River near Toronto, the other day, and a third member of the wealthy Small family was found to have met death in tragic and mysterious circumstances.

Her millionaire brother, Ambrose J. Small, owner of a chain of theatres throughout Canada, disappeared one December day twenty-one years ago, a few hours after depositing a check for $1,000,000 which he received for selling out some of his interests. No trace of him was ever found. He is the Canadian counterpart of Judge Crater.

After his disappearance, his wife, Theresa, locked herself up in her house and refused to see anyone. She acted strangely and told her servants that her enemies were persecuting her. She kept the cellar of her house securely locked and forbade anyone to go near it. Although she was once a leader of Toronto society, her fears and obsessions grew until she became a recluse.

When her haunted existence ended with her death in 1930, her sisters-in-law, Gertrude and Florence Small, produced a "confession" supposedly signed by Mrs. Small in which she accused herself of her husband's murder. She said she helped burn part of his body in the furnace of his Grand Opera House and dispose of the rest in the Rosedale dump heap.

Small's sisters claimed the estate of $3,000,000 which Mrs. Small had willed to religious organizations, for under Canadian law a murderer cannot dispose of his or her estate.

The extraordinary confession was held to be a forgery and the case was dropped.

The strain of the lawsuit broke down Gertrude Small's health and she had to undergo several serious operations.

A few months ago she went to Midland, a town near Toronto, to regain her health. Few of the townspeople knew who she was and they were unaware of her friendship with a young electrician, Warren Bell, whose shop was near the hotel where she lived.

In spite of the difference of nearly twenty years in their ages the couple wanted to get married. On their wedding night they decided to return to Toronto.

Both had been drinking and death caught up with them on the ice-covered highway that skirts the Nottawasaga River. The car plunged into the water and both were drowned.

Only one member of the ill-fated Small family is left—Florence Small, who said at her sister's inquest:

"Drowned? I will say this. My sister was doped and murdered. My brother's death was hushed and kept down and they are not going to do the same about my sister's death.

"Gertrude was not herself mentally and hadn't been for a year. I am shocked and upset and puzzled that any 39-year-old man would want to marry a woman in her middle fifties.

"Bell was a sort of sheik, a dandy and a dude. Gertrude was flat broke and several pawn tickets were in her purse when she was found. We tried to exercise some control over her spending, but she seemed to have ideas of grandeur and tossed money around loosely. She was overdrawn in all her financial affairs.

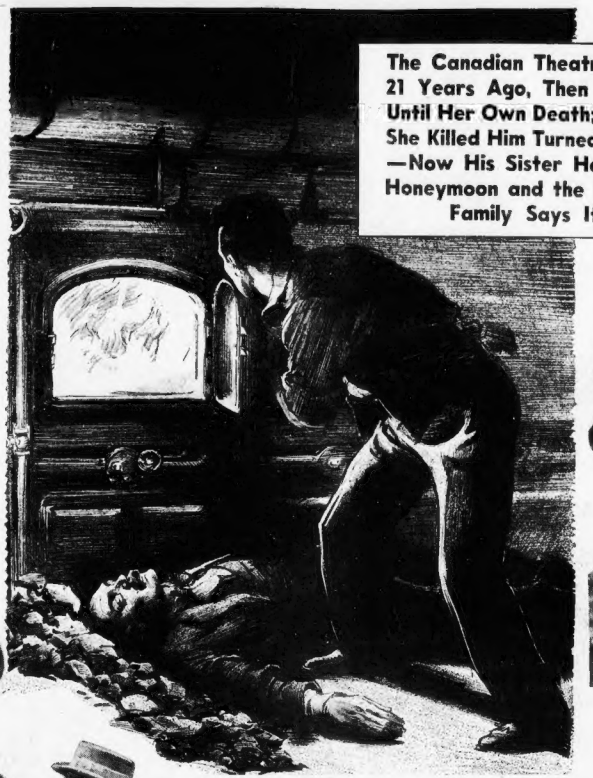
"I'll say my sister was murdered and I can't believe anything else."

It was true that pin-points resembling the marks of a hypodermic syringe had been found on Gertrude's body but medical experts claimed that such marks are often found on the bodies of drowned persons. No one was able to produce any evidence that Gertrude or her husband had been murdered, just as twenty-one years before nothing had been found to explain the mysterious disappearance of her millionaire brother.

On December 2, 1919, Ambrose J. Small sold some of his theatres for $1,000,000. He was looking forward to having a long vacation and to retiring on a comfortable fortune.

But his retirement was swift and unexpected.

On that day he met his wife Theresa for lunch and they went to a bank and deposited the check. He left her about 3 P. M., promising to return home to dinner at 6:30 P. M. He then went to his office.



Is This What Happened to Mr. Small? His Wife's Confession Stated That Parts of His Body Were Burned in the Furnace of His Own Opera House by a Mysterious Killer, Yet Not One Shred of Evidence Was Found.

The Lone Survivor of the Tragic Family—Florence Small, Sister of the Missing Man, and of Gertrude Small, Whose Body, With That of Her Husband of a Day, Was Dragged From the River After She Had Been, Sister Florence Says, "Doped and Murdered."

The Missing Millionaire's Wife, Mrs. Theresa Small, Whose Strange Actions Before Her Death Mystified the Police as Much as Her Confession Which Was Officially Branded a Forgery.

At 5:30 he dropped into the lobby of a hotel next door to the Grand Opera House, where he chatted with some friends. At 7:15 he bought some newspapers from a newsboy who knew him, outside the hotel.

There's doubt that he was ever seen again, although long after he vanished he was "recognized" in such scattered places as Paris, Iowa, and Mexico. Harry Blackstone, the magician, a friend of Small's, said he saw him in Juarez, Mexico.

"There could not possibly have been any mistake in the matter," he declared. "I was associated with Mr. Small for some time in Toronto in a business way and we got to know each other very well. He waved cordially across the table to me in a Juarez gambling house and showed he recognized me."

These clues and others were all tracked by police but they failed to produce the missing Small. The case seemed at a standstill until Mrs. Small's death in 1935.

The two sisters, at this time, produced the typewritten confession, supposedly signed by Mrs. Small. The document offered in court read:

"Poor Ambrose was killed on December 2, 1919, and I know that a part of his body—the trunk—was buried in the Rosedale Ravine dump, and other parts were burned in the Grand Opera House furnace. You will be surprised, my dear Florence and Gertrude, to learn that I am more than any other person responsible for your brother's death. God forgive me.

"I will not cause any more pain to a living soul, and that is why I will not reveal the names of those who are involved in this gruesome crime; but I will tell you one thing—it cost me plenty to close their mouths.

"I am leaving the bulk of your brother's estate to those who are doing Christ's work on earth; they will always pray for the repose of our souls."

This confession from beyond the grave, supposedly that of a woman whose lips were sealed in death, instead of solving the case, only made it more puzzling. For a long time the police were not sure whether Small was murdered or missing. If he had been murdered, the authorities were faced with a murder mystery without a corpse, for both the Rosedale dump and the opera house furnace were searched many times without giving the slightest clue.

"Whose mouths did Mrs. Small close?" the Toronto police asked.

One of the pieces that seemed to fit was the evidence of Frederick Osborne, the theatre's caretaker. Almost two years before Small disappeared, Osborne said he had been invited to join in a plot to murder him. A man came up to Osborne while he was sweeping out the theatre and said:

"How would you like to have $20,000?"

Osborne asked for more details and was told:

"I will get behind Mr. Small in his office and strangle him. You won't have to help in the dirty work. Mrs. Small will get her money. My share is $75,000; yours is $20,000. There is another man in it. You know him but I will not tell you who he is until you see him."

Another piece of evidence was given by Thomas Shields, a stereotyper, who claimed to have seen Small in the boiler-room of the Grand Opera House as late as 10 P. M. on the night of Small's disappearance. Shields said that he and a friend met James Cowan, manager of the opera house, outside of the theatre and were invited in for a drink.

"Small and another man were already there," Shields said. "They were talking loudly. There seemed to be a row on. It was about 10 P. M. A minute or two after I went in, one of the men said to Small: 'You ——, I am going to put you in that coal hole.' I had one drink then. I was offered another and took it. There was a brisk fire in the furnace and the room was awfully hot.

"I had two drinks down there, but I would have stayed and had more if it hadn't been for the row. One of the men left a few minutes later and then a second man left. In about ten minutes from the time I went down I left and met my friend outside. There was one man with Small when I went out. I was a little nervous—that's what made me leave."

The man who offered Osborne $20,000 and who, according to Shields, quarreled with Small and remained alone with him in the basement of the opera house after the others had gone, was known to the police but evidence was never produced to hold him on a charge or bring him to trial.

An incidental figure in the case was John Doughty, who was Small's right hand man. He had been with him for nineteen years and knew his business and personal secrets. Doughty knew about the women whom Small had taken with him on his frequent business trips. And with all this confidential knowledge, he had been paid only $45 a week salary by Small.

Three weeks after Small's disappearance, Doughty also vanished with $100,000 worth of bonds belonging to Small. But the police had better luck in discovering the missing secretary than they did the employer. They located Doughty in Oregon, arrested him and brought him back to Toronto, where he served seven years in prison.

After Small disappeared his wife began to act strangely, according to Matilda Weiss, the dead woman's former housemaid.

"I thought the house was haunted and so did the chauffeur," said Matilda Weiss. "Mrs. Small always kept one of her two cellars locked and carried the keys on her person. No one was allowed to go near the cellar. Even when confined in a hospital, Mrs. Small kept the keys with her.

"Often she went to the cellar alone, but I could never see what she did. I often thought she was saying prayers there because she usually took her rosary with her.

"Mrs. Small was terribly nervous about strangers or callers. She told me once that her enemies were bothering her, that some of them were detectives, and that under no circumstances was I ever to let anyone in the house. Her strange actions finally bothered me so much that I could not sleep. I heard her up at all hours of the night. I finally left the place as I was afraid to spend the nights there alone."

The police found nothing in the cellar of Mrs. Small's home and other evidence which was produced after Mrs. Small died did not help to solve the case. The lawsuit over Mrs. Small's estate dragged through the courts for months. Aroused and angry that their "dear sister" had wiffed all of the money to the church while branding herself as one of the murderers of their brother, Florence and Gertrude carried out their determined fight. Although they had received a settlement of $100,000 each from Mrs. Small shortly after Small, for want of other evidence, was declared legally dead, the sisters were anxious to have the whole estate for themselves.

But the court took another view. The judge branded Mrs. Small's confession an "incredible and unquestioned forgery." The case was dropped and the estate was distributed as Mrs. Small had willed it.

Gertrude's estate will also be turned over to religious organizations for her death was declared to be accidental and another chapter in the strange tangled lives of the Small family has come to an end.

Warren Bell, Who Married Gertrude Small and Died Within 24 Hours.

As He Looked on the Day He Disappeared—Ambrose J. Small, Toronto Theatre Magnate, Who Vanished Into Thin Air 21 Years Ago After Depositing a Million Dollar Check in His Bank.

The Grand Opera House in Toronto, Which Mr. Small Owned and Where His Body Was Supposed to Have Been Burned.

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Some Collectors Look Upon This Quaint Picture As the Oldest Valentine in the World. It Was an Illustration in a Novel Written by Pope Pius II and Published in Milan in 1500. Kid Cupid Is Getting in Some of His Traditional Arrow Work.

This Is One of the First of the Comic Valentines That Were Sassy and Insulting Instead of Sentimental. This Was Drawn in the Era of the Velocipede, and of Reckless Women Riders.

The Original Drawing of This Oldtime Valentine Is Worth a Lot of Money Today. Copies of It Brought Many an Angry Tear Years Ago. The Verse Beneath It Read in Part: "Tis All in Vain . . . You Never Can Incline, With All Your Bustles, Stays and Curls, to Find a Valentine."

Valentines THAT MADE HISTORY

NEXT Wednesday thousands of young women — and some not so young — will know that St. Valentine's Day has come around again. And that somebody likes them a lot, or vice versa. The postman will leave those messages of affection, or aversion, and thus help carry on a tradition that began away back in the days of the Roman Empire when the pagan feast of Lupercalia, was displaced by the feast of St. Valentine, friend of lovers.

Perhaps the rarest and most valuable valentine in the world is the one reproduced above. It was an illustration in a love novel, one of the first such books ever written. The author was Pope Pius II and the romance was surprisingly ardent for a busy churchman to turn out. The picture shown on this page is said to be one of the first in which Eros, the winged God of Love, is shown shooting one of his arrows into the heart of a love-sick swain.

For many a year all valentines were of this sentimental sort. They usually were sent by bashful young men too shy to get down on their knees and, in person, tell certain damsels just what they thought of them. But about the middle of the last century, the comic and caustic—valentine made its appearance and has enjoyed wide popularity ever since. The "thrill" of getting one of these insulting missives is negative and has been the cause of a great deal of most unlovely feeling. Family feids and an occasional murder have been laid to the upsetting influence of the so-called comic valentine.

Two very famous examples of this type of valentine are shown at the top of this page. Both are collector's items, and the originals are as valuable as a celebrated painting or a rare first edition. One of these unflattering valentines came out about the time the velocipede became a menace to life and limb. It was sent to reckless riders of these contraptions and carried a verse which read: "A female Jack-on-wires appearing, no wonder boys are at you jeering; the road to ruin you're too fast steering, to be MY valentine."

The other celebrated valentine is even more insulting. Maids who found one of these in their mail boxes or under their doors were tearfully certain that the little Love God had turned his back on them to shoot his darts elsewhere. The picture ridiculed the curls and cosmetics, and bustles and stays of the recipient, and predicted that all these aids to feminine charm would get the lady nowhere in the pleasant fields of romance.

About the time of the Civil War—in 1864 to be exact, a writer in a volume called "The Books of Days" had this to say of the observance of the day that will be celebrated again next Wednesday:

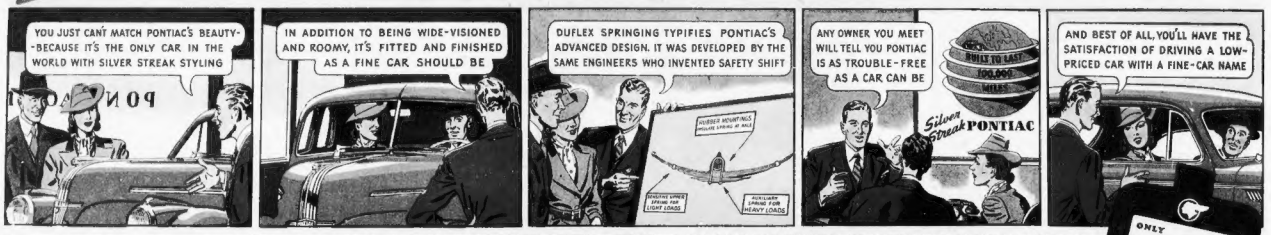
"Valentine's Day is now almost everywhere a much degenerated festival, confined very much to the humbler classes.

"The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the printsellers' shop windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post paper on the first page of which is some ridiculous colored caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below.

"More rarely the print is of a sentimental kind, such as view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners."

Next Wednesday the "much degenerated festival" will be celebrated all over again—and it is probable that the comic and sarcastic valentines will outnumber the fragrant and lacy bearers of tender sentiment.

Learn WHAT A DIFFERENCE A FEW DOLLARS MAKE!



YES, PONTIAC does cost a trifle more than the lowest-priced car you could buy. But that will never stop you, once you see what a difference those few dollars make in the kind of car you're going to drive.

It makes you feel better all over to step out in one of these big, luxurious, wide-seated, long-wheelbase Pontiacs after driving a smaller car.

Its ride is "Triple Cushioned" and on your first long trip, you'll say *the ride alone is worth the difference!* Come in! Learn how *little* more a Pontiac costs—and how *much* more you get!

*Illustrating Special Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, $876**

SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER

What Makes Us Like, Love or Hate Each Other

Interesting Experiments by Prof. Carter With His College Students (Representing All of Us) to Find Out How Social Behavior Affects Popularity—And It's Our Little Faults or Virtues, Not the Big Ones, That Count

The Young Man Who Expects to Kiss a Girl on Their First Date Is Heading for Unpopularity With the Boys and Girls of Albion College, and Everybody Else.

"It ain't the 'eavy 'aulin' wot 'urts the 'orse's 'eart,
It's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighwye."

—Old English Saying.

IT IS the little things in life, trifles that become tremendous by repetition which make persons grow to like, love or hate each other. Seldom does a judge hear the real, basic reason for a divorce because it would sound too trivial, and yet, repeated constantly, it may be the most unbearable kind of cruelty.

A wife will say that she wants her freedom because her husband threw her out of a second-story window and almost killed her, which seems fair enough. Yet she may know in her heart that this resounding outrage was entirely forgiven. What she cannot forgive or endure any longer are his habits of sniffing and eating his soup with a noise.

The husband tells the court how he made a raid, catching his wife with the other man which, plausibly enough, killed his love and made him ask for a divorce. Yet he knows perfectly well that the other man would never have entered her life if his love had not already been killed by the constant sight of runs in her stockings and the slovenly appearance of a slip hanging below her skirtline.

No judge would grant a divorce for such piffling complaints, though, if they happen every day, such things constitute the most unbearable sort of habitual cruelty.

Of course it should be the "sterling qualities" that count, but human beings happen not to be built that way; therefore it seems to be mostly the ruffles, powder and garlic of life that register.

Not only may a happy home be lost by these every-day trifles but a business or professional career is often made or marred by them. People go to the doctor or dentist they like rather than a better one who annoys them. The difference between the glamour girl who becomes secretary to the president and the glower girl who remains a "stenog" in the shipping department may be due to such trivialities as slowness in putting on an expression of attentiveness when summoned or a failure to get rid of the childish habit of giving an irrelevant answer to a question.

These tiny things which make themselves felt sweetly, like grains of sugar in a cup of coffee, or unpleasantly, like grains of sand in spinach, are called "fellowship behavior" by Professor T. M. Carter, of Albion College, Michigan, who has just completed an interesting survey to determine how much influence they have upon the way men and women look upon each other.

"Fellowship behavior," as explained by Dr. Carter, is the way one individual behaves toward another or toward all his associates in general. In order to collect statistics on this subject, he prepared three questionnaires, one composed of various items of behavior by men toward women, a second consisting of things that women do and a third made up of various items of behavior common to both men and women.

These questionnaires were then submitted to students at Albion College, both the girls and the boys being asked to give their attitude toward the behavior items in each of the three lists. After the answers were collected and collated, Dr. Carter worked out a system of percentages from which he was able to draw a number of surprising conclusions.

There was an evident tendency to overlook and condone the stark and awful but occasional outrage. As in the war it was the little cooties of life rather than the big shells that are most resented.

For instance, what do young women consider the very worst thing a man can do?

No, it is not "socking" her, getting drunk or even chewing tobacco. Though such faults are reprehensible they are not necessarily incurable. An overwhelming majority of the co-eds made it clear that the unforgivable sin is dating a girl steadily for a whole year and then dropping her for another "cutie."

Let it become known that a man is guilty of this misbehavior and girls will snuggle up to him about as cozily as if he has smallpox. To make this atrocity complete, he should announce publicly his engagement to the girl. When the girls say of an Albion boy that he has an "engaging personality," that is what they mean and he had better start his love-life all over again somewhere else.

The college man agrees that this is a low-down trick and gives the guilty student a black mark for it. But the boys rate this mean deceiver only half as low in the scale of college life as they do the youth who swears in the presence of women, no matter what the provocation.

The men are driven to fury at the thought of the brutal words falling on the sensitive feminine ears. The owner of the sensitive ears does not like it either and, if it happens often, she will find herself another boy-friend who can get along without that form of self-expression. But the girls seem to resent it only about half as much as does the college male.

It Does Not Spell Much for the Success of a Man When His Table Manners Are Bad. Divorces Have Grown Out of Such Habits as That of Cutting Up All His Meat at Once.

Among the Things That the Girls Resent Most Is the Male Criticism of Their Shorts. They Hold That It Is None of a Man's Business What a Woman Wears. The Men Do Not Agree With Them.

Runs in the Stockings, Crooked Seams and Slips That Show Below the Skirt Line Tend to Make These Girls as Unpopular as the Girls Who Run After Men.

Probably we American men have not wondered if women really care about all the so-called "weaker-sex" gestures, such as opening doors for them, carrying their parcels and assisting them in and out of cars, though they may be lady athletes who could carry the parcels and the man too. The answer is positively yes.

It is all very well to sneer at the foreigner who makes himself conspicuous by kissing a lady's hand and standing bare-headed all the time he talks to her on the sidewalk. He knows what he is doing and the reason why.

Most every person, male or female, wants to be highly regarded in the community. Anyone who lacks that pride is not likely to be a very good citizen. A man gets his quota of respect mostly from what he can do.

The great doctor or lawyer needs nobody to carry his little black bag or brief case for him and he opens doors for himself, because his time is too valuable to wait for someone else to do it.

Woman is still rated not by what she can do but by how charming, beautiful and generally desirable she is considered by men. The conventional way of estimating her standing on these lines is the behavior of men toward her. So, of course, she appreciates attention.

Covering her with fur coats and jewels is important evidence but so is jumping out of chairs at her approach and treating her as if it would be a public calamity should she turn her ankle. These gestures cost nothing, but some future statistician may figure out how many of them equal one fur coat.

Albion College men, who are well aware of the value of such niceties and of all the indoor and outdoor tricks in this line, think the most important is ceremoniously seating the girl-friend at the table. Their trained and logical minds realize that it is the climax of the all-important march from the entrance to the table, watched by all eyes.

The Worst Hated Individual Among Women, and Men, Too, Is the Man Who Gets Himself Engaged to a Different Girl Every Year. In Time He Fades Right Off the Social List.

If he gets her into her chair as if she were royalty, she may forgive him for then buying her pork and beans. But if he lets her just naturally sit down, in the simple, easy way, pheasants an gorgeous and a quart of 1926 champagne won't square him.

The boys go so far as to give a high rating to the girl who expects the dining-room chair and other services and gracefully waits for her escort to perform them, instead of doing them for herself, before he can beat her to it.

Should a man expect to kiss a girl when he has his first date?

That is the question that put Albion co-eds on their mettle and raised the biggest quarrel of all, so far as a man's behavior toward a woman goes.

The men -- always gallant -- disapproved very mildly of such an expectation. Women did not merely disapprove. They were much agin it. But, suggests Professor Carter, this may not mean that kisses are less attractive to women. The girls merely may be greater sticklers for etiquette.

This also appears in the same element of proper reverence: That all men should desire to kiss her the moment they see her, but he who expects to collect a kiss the first time is more unflattering than the fellow who lets her carry parcels. He doesn't realize the value of her kisses and should understand that they are not to be earned so easily.

If Albion College is a fair sample of the rising generation, it has at last risen above the baby-talk lure. Both men and women agree that the "itsy-bitsy" talking co-ed is a pathetic figure, as unpopular as the girl who stares at the ceiling while her "date" is talking to her.

Lest anyone imagine that this indicates a swing toward the go-getter type of female, let it be said that the man-chasing girl is disliked by both sexes.

The co-eds think that calling a man on the telephone, in the hope that he will date her up to get rid of her or who asks a man to dance with her at a party, is a worse offender than the one who lets her slip show.

The men, though resenting the bold person who takes the initiative away from them, think the slipping slip is a worse offense.

Having runs in her stockings is almost—but not quite—as bad as running after a man. Both men and women at Albion College also disapprove of girls having long pointed fingernails and shaved eyebrows. Nor do they fancy high heels with sports clothes.

Turning from criticism to praise, tops in behavior is the girl who keeps her stockings pulled up—and this is not as simple as it sounds.

Girls are disgusted at the boorish boy who uses a toothpick in public but were surprised to find that the boy-friends are almost as annoyed when they apply lipstick and powder at the table.

The girl hardly notices if the boy sticks his hair at the table but he wishes she would do all her facial chores in the ladies' room and not appear in public until she is satisfied with herself. But he should remember that the light at the table may be different and then there is the wear and tear of eating to be repaired.

Men are repelled by unsightly teeth in either sex, but more so in their own. Women's disapproval seems milder, especially to the fault in other women. Dr. Carter thinks this may be due to reluctance by a woman to criticize a physical defect in her rival, though she may have plenty to say about the other's clothes and behavior.

Slang seems also to be under a cloud, though not to the same degree as baby talk. The man who cannot express himself without a lot of it is disapproved by both sexes. Girls dislike a female slang artist in just about the same degree. But Albion College men seem to think the ideal woman and her slang should be parted forever.

Another instance when women are more severely criticized than men is when they confide personal matters to a mere acquaintance, and this time it is the women themselves who criticize their sisters most. Maybe it is because women are becoming at last irked at the ancient charge that they cannot keep a secret and see that by telling less they will be able to hear more.

There is one place where women decidedly are not discriminated against. Men do not like to smell tobacco on the breath of another man but they even mildly approve of the "smell of the weed" on a woman's breath.

This, Professor Carter explains, is possibly due to the fact that men want to appear to be social liberals and not prudes.

What to do about a woman wearing shorts was another question to be settled by the Albion students. Should a man object to such wearing apparel for females? This same problem has caused a lot of to-do in other places but in Albion it was more or less agreed that there is no reason for such an objection. Yet with a woman's readiness to put a mere male in his place, the co-eds seem to indicate by their answers that it is none of the man's business anyway what a woman wears.

One Way to Insure Unpopularity Is to Stare at the Ceiling While Your Companion Is Conversing With You. It Entitles You to the Same Contempt as the Girl Who Insists on Baby Talk.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation In the World

Laughing Girl

By George F. Worts

Sandra Jumped Up as Van Pell Urged Her to Aid Him by Spying on Her Husband. "I Wonder If You Realize What You're Asking Me to Do," the Listening Macklin Heard Her Say, "Storm's Dangerous With Women and He's in Love With Me."

"SO LONG, Sandy, you were sleeping so prettily I didn't have the heart to disturb you." This was the note Peter Storm left for Sandra Page, his glamorous bride, as he stole out of her Kingman, Arizona, hotel room, to overtake Scott Higgins speeding East with a secret formula worth millions.

The formula was for loganite, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum, invaluable for war and industrial uses, and was sought by Peter for Allied Metals Corporation, by Brook Van Pell, a N. Y. lawyer, who schemed to sell it to the highest foreign bidder, by Count Angelo Beretti on his way from Italy to buy it from Higgins, and by Sandra, sent to Las Vegas, Nevada, by Van Pell to watch Higgins, his agent, whom he didn't trust.

Van Pell, in love with Sandra, had cleverly concealed from her his negotiations with foreign powers. Eager to aid him, and learning on her arrival that an explosion had wrecked the laboratory of the scientist, Hilary Logan, who held the formula, killing him just after Peter had left him, she assumed Peter had the formula. Ransacking his room and threatening him with a gun she was finally convinced she was wrong and offered to work with him. "Whichever gets the formula first can keep it, if he can hold onto it," she said, and announced she was Logan's niece and heir. While Peter knew this was a lie she attracted and fascinated him and he agreed to her plan though knowing she'd double cross him at the first chance.

Motoring her to the explosion scene, they saw Simon Ketzler, Logan's assistant, fleeing in a car. Higgins greeted them. Then he, too, vanished. They pursued, convinced Ketzler had blown up the laboratory to get the formula. But Peter, distrusting Sandra more and more, told her he was dropping her at Kingman. "I'll promise not to lie to you, I'll not double cross you," she cried out, but he persisted. Then, held for speeding, he begged her for aid. She refused. The judge who faced them, calling Peter a rich playboy, decided to prefer charges against him under the Mann Act and to hold Sandra, too. She protested that such a move would crush her father, a minister. The judge was adamant, and to escape a blighting publicity they persuaded him to marry them.

Resuming their pursuit they came on Ketzler lying murdered by his car. His clothing had been searched and a watch was missing from a chain that Peter recognized as Logan's. Then Peter spotted Higgins, who shot at and slightly wounded him and fled. Sure now that Higgins had killed Ketzler to get the watch and that the watch contained the formula, they found at the next town that the fugitive had boarded an east-bound train.

Arriving in Kingman, Peter received a telegram from Lynne Van Pell, Brook's sister, demanding an explanation of his wedding and overheard Sandra phoning she'd get out of her marriage as soon as she could. Planning to overtake Higgins by plane, he deserted Sandra. It was then he left the note. But the wily Higgins, he found later, had chartered a plane and vanished. Baffled, Peter learned that Sandra had flown East leaving this message for him: "When dirtier tricks are played the blatant exhibitionist will play them." He notified the N. Y. papers she was arriving, phoned one of his agents to trail her, another to trail Van Pell and hurried East himself.

Meanwhile, Sandra arrived in New York, and overjoyed to see Van Pell, went with him to their favorite cafe. He looked at her with the hungry eyes of a lover.

She said tremblingly: "Darling, have we got the formula?"

And Now Go On with the Story.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN ANSWER to Sandra's eager question, Van Pell bent toward her with his elbows on the cloth, and smilingly shook his head. "Not yet, but we will. Scott Higgins double-crossed me. At least, he thinks he did. Shall I tell you how smart I was?"

She said with a wild little laugh: 'Just talk. Just let me hear you talk, I don't care what you say."

"You are so lovely, Sandra. You are so beautiful."

Sandra nodded. "That's very nice talk."

"Did I ever say your voice is like a violin and temple bells and all the other lovely sounds there are?"

She laughed weakly. "I don't know, darling. Did you?"

The waiter came for their order. When he had gone, Brook said: "First of all, I want to hear about Storm."

Sandra said: "It's a long story, Brook."

"I want to hear it all."

"You shall—every smallest detail." She told him about Peter Storm, beginning with their encounter at the roulette table in the Boulder Club, in Las Vegas, ending with Peter's desertion of her in Kingman. Van Pell was especially interested in the marriage into which Judge Jeffers had forced them. He questioned her about that, and he questioned her about the hours she had spent with Peter Storm in their hotel rooms, in Kingman.

Brook Van Pell said: "It's an amazing situation. Didn't he try at any time to make advances?"

"No, Brook."

"Didn't he even try to kiss you?"

Sandra shook her head. "Only when we were married."

"Not even in your room?"

"No."

"That's odd."

"Why?"

"He has a pretty bad reputation, you know. And you're a very attractive girl. I don't doubt that you're the most attractive girl Storm has ever known."

"He was really very decent," Sandra said. She could feel her heart beating more and more rapidly. She knew that Brook was jealous, and she had been dreading their discussion of this topic. She had been afraid that he might be difficult, that he might not believe the truth about Peter Storm's decency.

She went on, making her voice steady: "He didn't once touch me. He didn't try to. We had connecting rooms, with a hall between. I took a bath and came out and said goodnight to him and there was a look in his eyes, and I said, 'Don't waste any thoughts on me,' and he said, 'Go to the devil.'"

Van Pell seemed startled and amused. "Did he say that?"

"Yes, darling. Then I went into my room and took off my dressing gown and got into bed, and I was asleep in fifteen seconds. That was the last I saw of him. He must have come into my room in the morning just before he left, for there was a note on my table. When I woke up, he was packed and gone."

"Didn't he try to kiss you goodnight?"

"No, darling."

Brook Van Pell, with elbows on table, shoulders hunched up, was gazing at her speculatively. His eyes were dreamy, as if he were visualizing that entire scene in the Kingman hotel as Sandra described it.

He seemed to shake himself a little, then he said: "Do you like him?"

"I detest him!"

Van Pell laughed softly. "Not really!"

"Of course!"

"A great many women think he's damned attractive."

"I'm not one of them," Sandra said stoutly. "What difference does a thing like this make to him? He loves notoriety. To him, it was just another thrill."

BROOK VAN PELL'S eyes were lively with amusement. Sandra's heart suddenly stopped beating so rapidly. She knew now that Brook believed her. He wasn't going to be jealous or angry. She was so relieved that her face became hot, then icy cold.

He said, with his slow smile: "He must have been terribly disappointed in you. And you really dislike him?"

"I do. And—darling, what am I going to do? If I divorced him immediately, it would just about kill father. With all the publicity we're having, it would be a front page scandal. And if we separated, and Storm lived in his apartment and I lived in mine, it would be almost the same."

Sandra spread her fingers on the tablecloth. "Darling, that was the thing I most wanted to ask you about. What am I going to do? I can't live at Storm's apartment."

Van Pell said gently: "You'll have to be patient, my sweet."

She cried: "I was sure you'd have a solution! It's the only thing that kept me from flying to pieces—being sure you'd know how to solve it."

"I understand, darling. Let's put it on the shelf for just a moment and finish up these other odds and ends. Let me tell you about Scott Higgins. I told you he tried to double cross me."

"That," Sandra said, "was why you sent me to Las Vegas—because you were afraid he might."

"Yes, and if it hadn't been for you, I'd have lost him. I selected him for that job because he's accustomed to putting over difficult, big deals. I'm going to see to it that that man is punished. I sent him to Las Vegas, in good faith, to offer Dr. Logan the most generous terms for loganite. Higgins has double crossed me all 'round. I suspected he was up to tricks when you phoned me from Kingman. You also gave me an idea what his plans might be.

"When you told me the train he had taken, I wired him at Winslow, told him that Storm was hot on his trail, and advised him to leave the train at Albuquerque and take a plane that left there forty-five minutes later, which he did. I checked up on him by telephoning every airport where his plane stopped. He wired me from Indianapolis, asking me to meet him with a bodyguard when his plane reached Newark at five-thirty this morning."

Brook Van Pell was chuckling. His air was that of a man immensely pleased with himself. His gray eyes had a glow.

"Of course, I didn't take any stock in that. Scott Higgins is smart. He's one of the smartest men at this sort of thing I ever knew. When I phoned the airport in Columbus I learned two things. One, that Storm was also checking up on him, the other, that Higgins had left the plane there and chartered a private plane to New York. I realized that he planned to fly here and land in a field or at any one of fifteen or twenty of the small airports that are fairly close in to New York."

Sandra said: "So you lost him."

Van Pell chuckled. "My dear, did you know that there are only about a dozen ways into Manhattan by automobile?"

"It hadn't occurred to me," Sandra said. She was seeing Brook Van Pell more clearly than she had ever seen him before. And doing a thing she had never done before. In a detached way, she was analyzing him. Having watched Peter Storm at such close quarters, and having spent so much time

(Continued on Next Page)

SELECTED FICTION

How Long Will the Tricky Van Pell Be Able to Hoodwink Sandra?

(Continued from Preceding Page)

analyzing him, her perceptions were sharpened Where Peter was warm-blooded and purposeful and relentless, Brook was cool and driving It seemed to come down to a matter of comparative blood temperatures.

"It hadn't to me, either," Brook went on, "until it was suddenly dumped in my lap as a problem—if a man were coming into Manhattan by automobile, just how could anyone go about spotting him?"

"How could you be sure," Sandra answered, "that he was coming into Manhattan by automobile?" She was, she realized, seeing Brook for the first time without his glamour, as she might have seen him, she thought, after, say, six months or a year of marriage

"After all," she said, "there are lots of other ways into New York—buses and trains and subways and ferries."

"The kind of man who would charter a plane," Van Pell replied, "is the kind of man who would charter an automobile. I gambled on that."

He was so proud of his plan for trapping Scott Higgins that she smiled Her admiration for his driving qualities, her love for him remained as strong as ever. It was simply that the romantic haze through which she had seen him before she knew Peter Storm was no longer there She was glad of it. In place of the attractive, wholly charming, flawless man she had known before she went West was an individual with strength and with weaknesses to all of which she would now busy herself adjusting

HE BENT toward her, still with that boyish, proud smile

"Darling, I posted men at every point where a man might come into Manhattan by automobile—the bridges, the ferries and the vehicular tunnel." Van Pell straightened up. "I must confess it mightn't have worked during the rush hour.

"Luckily for me, he came into Manhattan at seven-twenty in the morning, over the Spuyten Duyvil Bridge. The men I had posted there recognized him instantly from the photographs I'd shown them and the description I'd given them. Luckily—again—Higgins is a man of very distinctive appearance, easy to describe, easy to recognize in a crowd. They followed him to a brownstone apartment in the Fifties. I never knew before where he hung out.'

Sandra said eagerly, "Then you've seen him?"

'Sandra, Higgins is a very clever fellow Before I could get dressed and out of the house, my man phoned again Higgins had left his apartment in riding clothes. My trailer trailed him. He went to a Central Park riding academy and got a horse and took a ride in the park. A three-hour ride Just to make sure he was Higgins, I drove over and took a peek at him. It was Higgins And while he was riding, another of my men searched his apartment. He went over it with a fine-tooth comb, but he didn't find the watch. Therefore, Higgins had the watch with him—still has '

"Unless," Sandra said he gave it to someone before he came into the city.'

The dark-skinned, gray-eyed man across the table from her was gently shaking his head. "No, my pet. Higgins has the watch and he is being very astute'

"Look, darling," Sandra said with quick impatience. "Isn't it about time for everybody to stop being so clever? Isn't it about time for some red-blooded action? Where is Higgins now ""

"In a movie. He didn't go home from his ride. He went to luncheon in his riding clothes, and since then he's been going to movie shows."

"Why," Sandra said recklessly don't you take a few men and just grab him'

Van Pell chuckled. "No, Sandra That's why he's mingling with crowds He's playing it safe Any attempt to gang up on him might involve the police."

"But what's he doing""

"Playing safe and waiting Killing time."

"Why?"

BROOK VAN PELL bent forward, looking at her out of the tops of his eyes. Then he glanced quickly about him, as if to make sure that what he was about to say would not be overheard. As an added precaution, when he spoke again, he whispered

"It's like this, Sandra. I've checked up thoroughly on Higgins I think—in fact, I'm dead sure I know where he intends to sell loganite. I've learned that practically all the jobs he's done have been for Italy. Of course you know how important loganite would be to any of the nations either at war or on the fringe of it. I have checked up on the Italians now in the country who are important enough to trust with this job. I found there aren't any. Then I saw an item in a newspaper saying that Count Angelo Beretti is on his way here from Italy. Have you ever heard of Count Beretti ""

"No, Brook."

"He's a big shot and he's coming here on a mission of great importance And there's no question in my mind that his mission is to buy loganite from Scott Higgins for Italy.'

Van Pell gazed at her steadily a moment, then went on, still in a whisper: "His ship, the City of Naples, docks here at ten o'clock tonight. Count Beretti will go through customs without examination, because he will be traveling on a diplomatic passport. He may go to a hotel, but my guess is he'll go immediately to Scott Higgins' apartment. He should reach there by ten-thirty. Scott Higgins will be waiting for him, and he won't be expecting anyone else. He won't, for example, be expecting me."

Sandra was nibbling nervously at her lower lip. She was pale. "Darling, that man is dangerous. He hadn't the slightest hesitation in shooting Storm the other night. Storm is a good shot and he was prepared for him. Higgins was as fast as a rattlesnake."

Van Pell chuckled. "Don't worry, darling I'll catch him completely by surprise. The point is, he'll be expecting Count Beretti, not me. Or anyone else."

Sandra was frowning. "But, darling, how can you be so sure of all this? Perhaps he'll meet the ship. Perhaps he'll meet Beretti at some agreed upon place."

Van Pell was nodding "I've considered all the possibilities. And I'm prepared for them."

Sandra said tremulously, "Well, I hope so, Brook. But he is dangerous, and you can't be too careful. Darling, I love you so. I don't want you to take any chances."

He reached across the table and took her hand. "I won't, my sweet. I never take chances."

The warmth of his hand gave h assurance and courage. She said, sighing "All right, Brook. Now tell me what to do about this awful mess I'm in."

He narrowed his eyes and looked at her meditatively. "It's a tough one, honey. I've been turning it over in my mind '

She cried: "There must be some easy solution, Brook! I've been depending on you for it!"

He tilted his head a little and raised one eyebrow a little. It was his most whimsical, most charming pose. "After all, Sandra, you can't go to a hospital with appendicitis, and you can't visit your father in Cohasset. Happy brides of forty-eight hours' standing simply don't do those things, certainly not when every gossip columnist has his eye to the keyhole and his ear to the ground "

He laughed and said: "They're very acrobatic, these fellows. At least, they have ears like these clever gadgets that anti-aircraft batteries use to locate approaching planes And they amplify a whisper into thunder."

Sandra stared at him with growing consternation. She said thinly: "Brook, do you mean you're letting me down? Do you mean I've got to go and live in Peter Storm's apartment?"

HE SAID hastily: "Darling, don't misconstrue me. Do you suppose I want you to go and live in his apartment?"

Almost in tears, Sandra said' "But what am I to do? You're the one person I can turn to. You've got to think of some way "

"I'm trying, darling. But it's difficult Look. Let me try to make something clear to you that I may have slighted before." He looked at her a moment, then said vigorously in his resonant voice: "I don't have to tell you how tough this war will be before it's done. This country is rapidly preparing a great war machine. Expecting a nation with a great war machine not to use it is just like expecting a child to whom you have given a fascinating toy not to play with it

"Our real safety is to develop a war machine able to smash them all. With loganite, we can do it. That's why, Sandra, I intend to put my entire fortune behind loganite. I'm planning factories and mills. If this country ever needs it, I want to be able to supply loganite in every conceivable form."

Van Pell sat back His eyes were glowing. His lips had become thin, and his voice crisp

"That's why I want loganite. That's why I'll take any chance to get my hands on that formula, on that watch. And that's why, actually, I'm still worried. I mean, about Storm."

Sandra gasped: "Storm! But he's out of it!'

"I'm not so sure He is a very clever and a very relentless young man. And I'd hate to see his company have loganite."

Why? They'd manufacture it for this country, he said as

Van Pell smiled slowly. "Did he? Did he happen to mention that Allied Metals is about to be investigated? Did he mention that Allied Metals is suspected of having pro-German sympathies?"

"No!" Sandra gasped. She wanted to say, "I don't believe it!" But she was too shocked And perhaps it was true. Once you were involved in this sort of intrigue, the most incredible things seemed to happen. And she knew that Brook would not lie to her

He bent toward her. "Darling," he said, and his voice was again gentle: "I love you. The one thing I really want is to marry you Nothing else matters. And the thought of your going back to Peter Storm's apartment, even for the shortest time, makes me feel ill. But someone must keep the closest watch on him."

Van Pell shrugged He made a wry grimace "Lord, I don't know What do you think?"

Sandra caught her lower lip in her teeth Her heart was pounding again. She looked at him dully and said: "I see. What you've really been working around to is that you want someone to spy on Storm, and no one will do but me."

Van Pell said quickly 'I hate you to put it that way, darling My way of looking at it is this: There are times when, it seems to me, patriotism must come before anything You know I'm no flag-waver but I know you'll agree with me that this is a critical time for every nation I'd sacrifice anything, I'd sacrifice my life, if necessary, to make sure that loganite got into this country's hands

She looked at him searchingly His gray eyes were glowing with his sentiments. He was one of the most cynical men she had ever known. She had never heard him use the word patriotism before, although he had often fascinated her with his shrewd analyses of propaganda

She said, "Brook, I wonder if you realize quite what you're asking me to do. It isn't my pride, or my horror of scandal nearly so much as my real fear of Storm. You know that he's dangerous with women You know that, no matter what precautions I take, we'll be living on a basis of the greatest intimacy. And one thing I haven't told you is that he's in love with me"

Van Pell said quickly; "I naturally assumed that. No man could be near you and not fall in love with you."

It sounded, Sandra thought, like nothing but cheap and purposeful flattery

"If I'm to watch him properly," Sandra went on in a flat voice, "it means that I'll practically have to occupy the same room with him Will you like that?"

He was staring at her. "Sandra," he said quietly, "my only reason for suggesting it was that I was sure you could manage things Darling listen to me you're tired [illegible] And you're confused The one thing you're forgetting is that no matter how heartbreaking it is to [illegible] lutely safe as long as he knows you don't love him '

CHAPTER XIV.

FLIGHT FOUR reached the Newark airterminal on schedule at 4 29 Peter was of reporters, attended to his luggage went to a phone booth called [illegible] and asked his man Henry if Ben Macklin had called

"No, Mr Storm The only [illegible] from newspapers. I've been [illegible] I don't know where you [illegible]

Keep on not knowing Henry, I have a special delivery air mail letter from Washington or Baltimore?'

"No sir There have been a lot of telegrams I opened all of them The only one that sounds important is from Mr Ryan in Pittsburgh. Shall I read it "

"Yes."

"It says 'Contacted Severance in Baltimore. He will secure information and forward it special delivery air mail

'Okay, Henry."

Peter's next call was to Carol Dunbar When she heard his voice she cried weakly, "Oh Peter!" and then b[illegible] her sobbing

Uncontrollably [illegible] said [illegible] You'll have to [illegible] you get the [illegible]

No, I and [illegible]

You can't [illegible]

I don't see that [illegible]

You can't [illegible] Yes.

I will if you [illegible]

I do love you [illegible] want you to come here [illegible] watched I [illegible] hysterics for two [illegible] he" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Also, all the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the fourth of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures.

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer who is a world-famous authority on this subject and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the bloodstained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasure of the best known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale
Flapped in the Bay the pirate's sheet,
Curses were on the gale
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men,
Pirates and wreckers kept their revels there."

(The Buccaneer)

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER IV.

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THE night before he was killed, and his head swung from the bowsprit of the King's sloop Ranger, Edward Teach better known as Blackbeard, the bloodiest pirate who ever made life miserable for all seamen between Newfoundland and Trinidad, was asked by one of his men whether his wife (the latest of fourteen) knew where he had buried his money.

To which he impiously replied that nobody but himself and the Devil knew where it was, and the longest liver could take all.

As far as has been ascertained Blackbeard never left a chart or directions to find the greatest treasure ever concealed by a pirate. It is known that he shared plunder with Governor Eden of North Carolina and his sly little secretary, Tobias Knight, but the immense store of booty he kept for himself must be lying somewhere in the labyrinthine creeks of North Carolina or perhaps on some lonely Caribbean cay.

Anyhow it is still waiting for the "longest liver."

Diligently searching through the musty and bloodstained pages of pirate lore I shall find a hint here, a clue there, and then there will be a breathless search until the loot of hundreds of tall ships, the sacred treasure of pious churchmen and the shrewd profits of hard-bitten merchant adventurers will make a surprised resurrection into an equally surprised world.

Many of his crew believed that Blackbeard had sold his soul to the Devil.

Indeed, there was one voyage where the Devil was part of his crew!

It seems unfair even by pirate ethics that Satan, who made only one trip and then did nothing but frighten most of his messmates into delirium tremens should take the whole of Blackbeard's treasure. But pirates were notoriously illogical in their dealings.

Death of Blackbeard. An Old Print Showing the Historic Duel of Lieutenant Maynard and Blackbeard on the Deck of Maynard's Sloop, "Ranger"; It Was Here That the Notorious Pirate Met His Death and Maynard Hacked Off His Head and Tied It to the Bowsprit.

Death of Black Beard.

Edward Teach was born in Bristol, England, that ancient port whence John Sebastian Cabot had sailed to discover the North American Continent. It is still believed in the old paneled Guild Hall in Clare Street that America was named, not after that Italian, Amerigo Vespucci, but for bluff John Americke, High Sheriff of Bristol, who arranged for the King to finance and commission John Cabot and his son.

But in spite of Bristol's pride there are dark blots on her long and honorable history. From the waterfront dives along the Feeder and the Redcliffe quays came evil men and wanton women who preyed on honest sailormen and begat children, half rats half devils, who had hooks for hands and knew the sea before they knew their God.

Such a one was Edward Teach. At an early age he defied the filthy slum where he was born and left the drunken harridan who beat him more often than she fed him. He went, of course, to sea, and sailed for some years out of Jamaica where the warm trades were more grateful to his venturesome spirit than the chill clime of Bristol River.

He became attached to a Captain Hornigold, who by 1717 had promoted himself from privateer in the French war to pirate in a war against all honest men.

The precious pair operated out of Providence Island, a lonely spit of land between the Bahamas and Florida. They had acquired a good store of plunder and were tired of carrying it about; they wanted to land and buy things and have a rip-roaring good time ashore.

"Let's take the Act," suggested Hornigold.

"Taking the Act," was one of the most popular sports of the pirates. Indeed, it was the only way in which they could get a holiday from fighting, treachery and swindling among themselves.

George I was prosecuting a war with Sweden at the time, which required most of his ships in the Baltic. Merchants of London, Liverpool and Bristol objected to their cargoes being plundered every time they put to sea. So they sent lobbyists and annoyed the Admiralty to such an extent that something had to be done.

There were not enough men-of-war to convoy all merchantmen, and pirates slunk like jackals along the sea lanes, plundering, murdering and destroying good vessels. The penalty for this was hanging.

But King George proclaimed an Act of Grace, which stated that any pirate surrendering to an English or Colonial governor within twelve months of the Proclamation and swearing to renounce piracy would be pardoned. The result was that any pirate who wished to dispose of his loot peacefully or was being hunted too persistently would blandly surrender and "Take the Act" until the heat was off.

So Hornigold and Teach set sail for the Colonies of America to surrender, clean their ships, hide their plunder and generally refit.

On their way they sighted a small ship which they absent-mindedly robbed and burned. Two others gave them plunder, wine and rum.

Then they decided really to surrender. However, one morning out of the horizon came the sails of a toplofty Guineaman bound for Martinique. This was too good to miss. Swiftly the rakish sloop bore alongside the deeply-laden merchantman and they boarded. Screams for mercy availed the unfortunate victims little. They were plundered; the captain, Hands, kidnaped; a few who chose to join the pirates spared, and the rest butchered like cattle.

By this time Teach's brutality was a little too much for Hornigold, and when he was informed that his lieutenant was taking over the Queen Anne's Revenge, which he called the prize, Hornigold could only feebly agree.

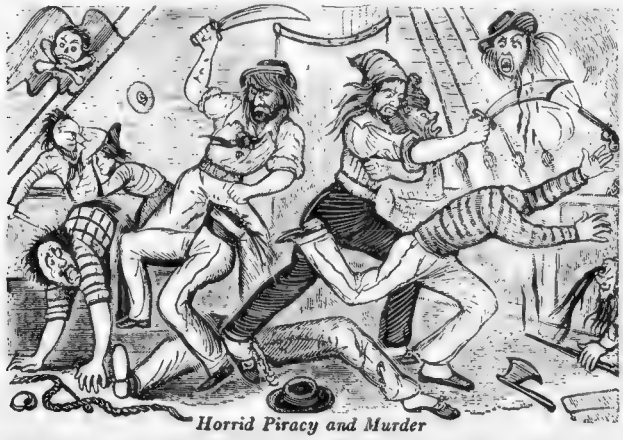
They returned to Providence and, with proper humility, Teach surrendered with most of his crew and secured the King's Pardon. Hornigold disappeared into the blue.

Providence was a lovely little island but t[oo] narrow for a person of Teach's scope. Besides h[is] beard had become something wonderful to behol[d]. Blue-black it was, and reached from his thick ey[es] to his stomach. Only his pale little eyes and a bl[ue] veined, fleshy nose could be seen through t[he] tangled mat.

But Teach was proud of it. He dressed it car[e]fully with high smelling pomades, twirling it in ringlets, spikes and spears, tying the ends wi[th] ribbons and training them over his ears. S[o] va[in] gering about the lanes of Providence, he was a sight that sent children squalling into the darke[st] recesses of their huts. A visit to a quayside gro[g] gery caused a silence broken only by stealthi[ly] retreating footsteps until he was left alone in t[he] bar to help himself.

Tiring of the peaceful life he put to sea agai[n]. The Queen Anne's Revenge was armed with for[ty] guns and over two hundred of the scrapings o[f] the Main. Bowling across the Caribbean he ran upon a tall ship, the Great Allan, near St. Vince[nt].

Blackbeard glanced into the waist of his ve[ssel]



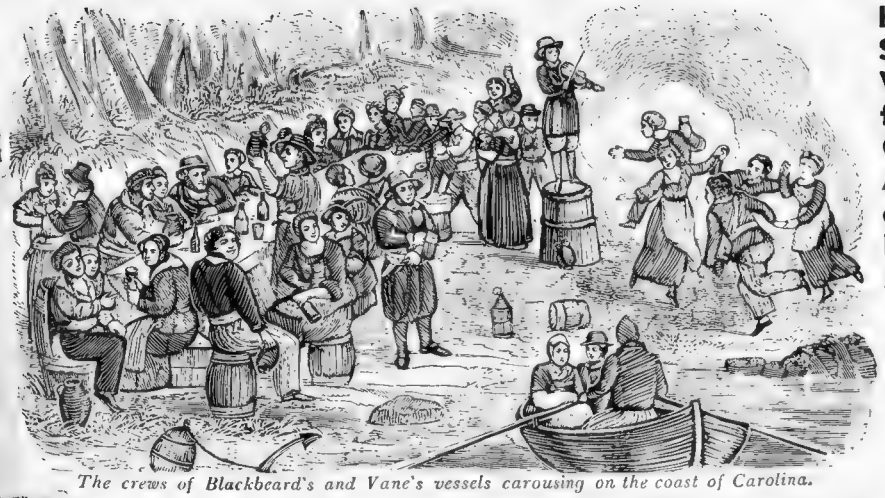
Horrid Piracy and Murder

Curious 18th Century Print Labeled "Horrid Piracy and Murder" Which, Although Seemingly Grotesque, Was Not Intended by the Unknown Artist to Be Humorous.

Captain Teach
commonly call'd Black Beard

Powder and Sulphur Which He Put Under His Hat and Fe[ll] Ferocious Appearance and to Frighten His Victims. (From t[he] History of "The Most Notorious Pyrate[s]

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Main With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood—and Here Are Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before



The crews of Blackbeard's and Vane's vessels carousing on the coast of Carolina.

The Crews of Blackbeard's Boat and His Companion Pirate, Vane, Shocked the Good Citizens of Charleston by Their Wicked Revels, and the Old Print Above Shows One of These.

Black Beard's Head on the end of the Bowsprit.

An Old Print.

The Scene Between Blackbeard and the Freebooter Bonnet in Which Blackbeard Stole Bonnet's Ship and His Gold.

An Authentic and the Oldest Portrait of Blackbeard, Showing His Arsenal of Pistols That He Carried Around and the Twists Containing Then Ignited to Add to His e Original Print in Johnson's ", 1734.)

sel where gunners shotted the smaller cannon. On the deck below the larger pieces were run out, powder buckets ready, shot piled, dampers wetting the deck and gunners, stripped to the waist, cursing a blue streak as they watched the graceful ship flying the King's colors.

Chuckling, Blackbeard ducked into his cabin and when he regained the deck even his own men blanched. He had soaked his voluminous beard with tallow and pomade and trained it into several spikes all fanning across his chest like a fantastic necklace. At the end of each spike a bow of ribbon shone against the scarlet of his pewter-buttoned coat.

From a leather sling across his mighty shoulder six pistols swung and in his green and yellow silk sash two evil daggers glittered. A hefty, brass-hilted cutlass banged against his sea boot and beneath the brim of his black leather hat sparkled a dozen match lights giving his brutal face a demoniac ferocity.

"Have at 'em, lads!" he roared, gulping from a jar of rum. "We'll send 'em all to the Devil, this time."

He raged up and down his deck slashing at the bulwarks with his cutlass until the chips flew. Gradually they ranged close.

"Rake 'em," he bellowed.

The Queen Anne's Revenge heeled under the recoil of twenty guns. Down crashed the topmast of the Great Allan, and her deck filled with screaming men bleeding from splinter wounds. The captain, a slim, pale faced, elderly man, took careful aim with a pistol, but the ball missed Blackbeard. Jeering, he snatched up a boarding pike, hefted it like a lance, and as the ships surged together, heaved it with all his strength. He saw the heavy point strike the captain and watched him drop, choking, to the deck.

"Boarders!" he yelled and, his face wreathed with blue smoke from the matches, leaped aboard the merchantman, his cutlass scything everything before him. Once he stopped and fired his pistol into the ear of a sailor, screaming like a maniac as the man's head burst. Then he ran to the poop, sabred two seamen and stood there bellowing encouragement to his blood-maddened crew. In less than two hours the remainder of the men of the Great Allan surrendered and Blackbeard leered down at them.

"Hang 'em!" he directed. "We'll see how the yards stand under a load o' fruit!"

The sailors were duly strung up and Blackbeard stamped with delight at their struggles. Meanwhile the pirates gutted the vessel, dragging bales, cases and barrels from her hold. Blackbeard returned to his ship, rubbing his bloody hands at the plunder his men brought aboard. He saw one man carrying a gold watch snatched from the dead captain. Winking at the others Blackbeard stole close, levelled his pistol and shot the man, scooping up the watch while the dying wretch cursed him. Idly he kicked his mouth in and tucked the massive timepiece in his sash.

"All clear?" he yelled.

"Aye, aye," returned Richards, his quartermaster.

"Fire her then, and sheer off."

Pirates scuttled like rats about the doomed ship and smoke began to billow from her ports. The Queen Anne's Revenge drew away and the sun sank on a noble ship blazing from stem to stern. Then there was a heavy explosion, the Great Allan broke in two and sank.

A few days later a neat frigate hove out of the dawn and a shot skipped across Blackbeard's bows.

"Who dares—?" he stuttered.

"Man-o'-war!" yelled the lookout.

"Back tops'ls and shot the guns," ordered the pirate. "I'll teach these damned King's men a lesson."

The Scarborough, thirty-gun frigate, came into action with flag flying, her holystoned decks heeling gallantly to the Caribbean swell. Blackbeard ran below to make his terrible battle toilet. As he returned, blinking through the smoke from matches sputtering from his hatband, he saw her change course to run alongside.

"Fire!" he roared.

A broadside whistled through the man-of-war's masts and rigging, bringing down a couple of her yards.

"Got 'em. Prepare to board!"

But the King's ship wasn't finished yet. Slowly she maneuvered until her port guns came to bear and a ragged broadside crashed into the Queen Anne's Revenge. Blackbeard twirled his beard into a terrific spike and swaggered on his poop laughing while pistol balls splintered the bulwarks beside him. For eight hours the two ships backed and filled, firing whenever possible. Then Blackbeard ordered a retreat.

"We'll draw her into shoal water and blast her to hell."

The Scarborough followed, firing from a bow gun until the pirate ship was out of range.

"Leave her be, cap'n," advised Richards. "Smash one King's ship and we'll have the whole blasted Navy arter us."

By nightfall they were alone in the darkness.

Next morning they sighted a small sloop of ten guns.

"Damme! She's flying a Grand Account flag."

True enough, from her mainmast a scarlet flag with darts and an hourglass fluttered.

"Show our colors."

The small ship came on and a gun barked salute.

"That's something like," smirked Blackbeard. "Ahoy! Come aboard," he shouted through a speaking trumpet.

A neat, middle-aged figure stepped into a boat and came alongside. The man climbed aboard, punctiliously.

"The Revenge. Major Stede Bonnet," he introduced himself.

"Major Bonnet, I heard o' you," guffawed Blackbeard. "Why a soldier goes on the Grand Account's more than I can savvy. Will you join?"

"Aye, I'll sail with you."

Blackbeard looked him over then examined the neat craft rocking a hundred yards away.

"I only want sailors wi' me," he said. "But I kin use yer ship. Richards, take over the Revenge. Major Bonnet stays here wi' me."

"But—"

Blackbeard's pale eyes flickered and he flipped a pistol from its sling.

"I'm admiral o' this fleet," he said softly.

Bonnet saw death in the brutal face and kept silence.

The ships scoured the Caribbean and in a few days had plundered seven merchantmen. The Protestant Caesar loomed up one morning. The crew deserted and Blackbeard burned her to the water's edge.

"She's from Boston," he raged. "Where they hung some o' my mates. I'll burn every Boston craft I take."

Swaggering through the seas, the great ship followed by the sloop under Richards made an evil picture. Nightfall found the crews hunkered around the mainmasts drinking, fighting and singing. Teach lolled in his cabin playing with his beard, drinking heavily and roaring rowdy sea songs. One night he invited a few choice members of his crew to drink. They sat about his table downing their jorums of brandy while the arch-pirate leaned in his great chair grinning at them. Suddenly he bent forward, hands hidden beneath the table.

"Too much light, mates," he whispered, and blew out the single, stinking candle.

Before the astonished pirates could move there was a deafening blast of smoke and flame and a chorus of yells. Chairs overturned, and roaring with terror some of the men ran out. Blackbeard howled with mirth. Then a seaman appeared nervously holding a lantern. Beneath the table two men writhed in their agony while Blackbeard spat at them, two smoking pistols in his fists.

"If I didn't shoot one or two of ye now an' then," he laughed, "ye'd forget who I am."

In a few days the two vessels lay off the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. There were several ships inside but they feared to come out. Every ship that approached Blackbeard took and plundered, until the beaches were dotted with smouldering wrecks, and in the surf lolled the blood-drained corpses of hundreds of slaughtered men.

The people of Charleston crouched in their homes dumb with terror lest this bearded beast should land and ravage them. Along the coast he established trading camps. There they stored their plunder and held high carousal. Vane and other notorious pirates often joined these revels.

Gradually women, scum of the waterfronts, came and the shores became hells of unbridled revel. During his travels up and down the Main Blackbeard had married no less than twelve women. Yes, married 'em proper "by book and candle." But few of them could stand his crazy ferocity and they fled him or, brutalized, joined the filthy camps beside the limpid sea.

There is a story told of the daughter of a small planter who, seated by the river one morning, was spied and kidnaped by one of the pirates. He slid into camp with the weeping girl tied like an animal in a canoe. He was about to drag her off when Blackbeard saw her and, beating her captor into insensibility, dragged her on his knee.

"Ha, wench," he is reported to have shouted "What be dom' with this band o' bully boys?"

She begged to be allowed to go home. But the gigantic ruffian chucked her under the chin with a tarry finger while his men laughed.

But all did not laugh. There was a black browed, deep breasted Portuguese half-caste woman, latest to enjoy Blackbeard's favor, who paced up and down cursing loudly, sobbing and clenching her fists. Suddenly the half-caste screamed and flew at Blackbeard. Her fingers raked his face.

"What the— Away, ye damned she-cat!" he bellowed.

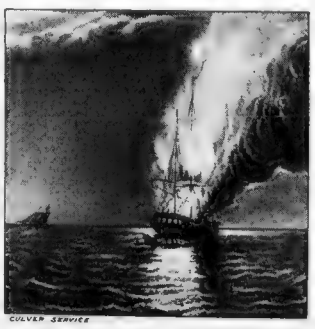
"I kill you. You—"

Stepping back he drove his fist into her face. She dropped, but bounced to her feet, mouth bleeding, and came on.

"Why, a real bully," he chuckled and smashed her across the head with his mighty hand.

Half stunned, but with eyes still flashing with rage, the woman threw herself on him striving to

(Continued on Page 16)



COLVER SERVICE

Curious Early 19th Century Engraving of a Looted Ship Left to Burn With Its Dead While the Pirate Boat Ships Away.

(Continued from Page 11)

loganite. I don't even remember what I said. But next morning when I was sober he talked about it. He was terribly excited. I don't even remember what I told him then. Peter, I can't explain the hold that man has had over me."

She stopped. Peter drew his breath. She went on: "I suppose one of the reasons I was so glad to get away from here after the war and take that job with Metals Limited was because I knew he was coming back to Brook when he came to Pittsburgh on the Spring and summer and to come back to New York well, I just did. I don't know why."

Peter said: "There was other leaks. The girl in the [illegible] caused by Dr. Logan, you know. You had nothing to do with that."

She cried: "You're just trying to make me feel better. I've never caused you anything but trouble. And you've always been so decent. I'd be glad if you'd be glad if I had been for you. And all your friends and neighbors [illegible] the papers. Oh, why can't I be a good wife to you?"

Peter said: "There's no reason why you can't be a good wife to me. You're the nicest person I ever knew. That's why I feel so sorry about it. If I could only be a little bit helpful to you."

You have been, Peter. You've been very."

I don't understand it at all. Peter. But I know that there's [illegible] What's the matter with me?"

PETER told her briefly what the dream statues of his marriage had been. He said: "The town of Sulphide Arizona needed some publicity, or the girl thought it did, and I just happened to be handy."

You knew she was interested in Brook, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Is she mixed up in this?"

"In a way."

"What are you going to do about it?"

Peter said carelessly: "Oh, we'll be divorced when the smoke blows away."

Are you in love with her?"

He hesitated. "Well," he said, "you know my nervous nature. I was ill. I [illegible] and always wanted the right [illegible] of [illegible]."

Carol cried: "You're just saying that. I'm sorry. And I'm sorry about the awful [illegible]. You've finished [illegible] and there [illegible] it out."

No. She's [illegible] Peter. I ought to [illegible] about it. It [illegible] cold as ice. He's afraid of Fay. He's angry [illegible] He'll get even [illegible]."

Well, [illegible] over but [illegible]."

Well, you [illegible] always had the [illegible] you met the girl you had what you wanted you'd never [illegible] it."

Peter laughed. Carol said [illegible]. Oh, why can't I be of some use to you? Let me think. All I can tell you is that he's planning to sell [illegible] if he gets his hands on it to the highest bidder. He [illegible] one night when he was terribly tight. Russia or Italy or Germany or Japan. He doesn't dare try to sell it to this Government. But that isn't helpful."

"Were there any details?"

"No. That's all he said [illegible] he was vague about that. He doesn't trust me. He doesn't trust anybody. Have you seen Lynne?"

"Not yet."

Laughing Girl

You [illegible] Peter would [illegible] couple."

"That you and she were [illegible] engaged?"

Peter said, "That isn't true. There never was."

Well, even if [illegible] she [illegible] Peter said: "He [illegible] having [illegible] Van Pell [illegible] dog, too. He [illegible] sister and very [illegible] He [illegible] Mrs. Van Pell [illegible] Van Pell [illegible] Peter [illegible] you [illegible] Carol [illegible] Peter [illegible] you [illegible] Peter [illegible] Carol [illegible] Peter [illegible] Carol [illegible] Peter [illegible] Carol

MOTHER NATURE'S OWN POPEYE

POETS have waxed lyrical about the "liquid" eyes of the gentle doe and the "regal gaze" of the lordly lion. Scientists have written volumes on the multiple eye of the pesky fly and the remarkable range of the eye in the head of the high-flying eagle. Not much, for popular consumption, has been said about the peculiar pop eyes of the croaking frog.

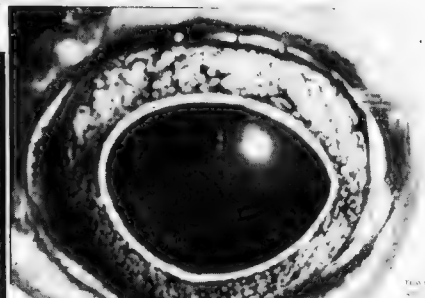
Everybody knows that Nature gave the frog a remarkable pair of hind legs. Every year thousands of Americans attend frog-jumping contests. They marvel at the spring in the "critter's" legs but they take little interest in the bulging eyes of the super-jumpers.

The pictures on this page were taken by a photographer who forgot all about his subject's legs and concentrated on the seeing apparatus of Mother Nature's own Popeye. His name is Ewald Gnilka and he has an international reputation for his unusual close-ups of the heads of such swift-and dangerous denizens as snakes and crocodiles. In the course of his "shooting" he got around to the lowly frog.

The creature's eyes may seem a little on the sleepy side. But they're not. They are perfectly designed to help the frog get along in the never ending battle for survival. In the first place they have remarkable focussing power. The pupil changes in size to take advantage of the light, whatever its intensity. In the dark the pupil is big and oval. In bright sunlight the pupil narrows to a slit. The frog takes a deep breath and puffs out his throat. Between the eye socket and the mouth, so that the eyes pop even

The "Popeye" of the Swamps Looks Heavy-eyed, But He Isn't. He Sees Everything He Needs to.

EWALD GNILKA PHOTOS



This Remarkable Close-up of a Frog's Eye Shows the Organ That Works in Extraordinary Unison With the Creature's Lightning Fast Tongue

same sort of arrangement.

There is no partition of bone when it swallows its meals of insects

Murdered by a Mess of Jelly

SAREJEVO, Yugoslavia — MANY things become lethal weapons besides guns and daggers but one of the strangest was a kettle of jelly used by Mrs. Camille Buljubashitch.

Every thrifty Yugoslav housewife goes into action when the Fall crops of plums, pears quinces, apples and other fruits are at their best. Many a husband casts an approving glance at his wife during the Winter months when he tastes her plum jam with his morning coffee. Hours of toil over a hot stove are nothing if friend husband shows his appreciation with a compliment.

Adam Buljubashitch liked his plum jam all right but he didn't care much about Camille. The harder she worked the more he preferred the company of others so his wife thought. Adam seldom came home except to eat and sleep. The more Camille tried to please him, the more he took her for granted. But she persisted in trying to sweeten Adam and on this particular night had been toiling until past midnight, filling her jam jars.

About one o'clock in the morning the wandering Adam came home. His eye swept the long rows of filled jars with hardly a flicker of interest. He gave Camille a dutiful peck on the cheek, strode into the bedroom and said he was sleepy. I wife.

That story sounds like the [illegible] of a Boris Karloff. It horrified Camille's efforts. She had had enough.

The wife grabbed a steaming pot of jelly from the stove and ran into the bedroom.

With one swift motion she swept back the bed-clothes and dumped the scalding juice over the sleeping Adam's head and shoulders.

He died a painful death and Camille languishes in the town jail free from any household duties for a long time, held on a charge of murder.

Gave a Giant a Bath

This Statue of a German Superman Is Getting Its Face Washed.

NO one who isn't inside Germany during these uneasy days can report accurately on the temper of the populace. But such dispatches as pass the censors, or somehow get around them, indicate that the millions ruled by Herr Hitler would find it hard to answer "yes" to the question: "Are you having any fun?"

Now and again, however something comes out of the Greater Reich which shows that humor hasn't succumbed entirely to the fear of air raids and the reality of short rations. The photograph at the left is an example of this occasional urge to be funny. It was snapped while a workman was cleaning up one of the heroic statues that ornaments the Sports Stadium, just outside of Berlin. The stadium was the scene of the 1936 Olympic Games.

The picture was published in several Nazi newspapers and magazines under a variety of heads which were the Teutonic equivalent of "Blow Hard," or "Getting a Bad Cold in a Big Way."

The workmen cleaned up the entire sculpture, which shows the modern German idea of the broad - shouldered and brawny superman.

Dances for the Sick

AT a recent meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, Madame Laurka, a dancing instructor, was invited to tell the learned doctors why she thought hospitals should teach patients to dance to make them get well faster.

With her dancing partner, the lissome instructress demonstrated by appropriate steps just what she had in mind for relieving persons afflicted with lungs that were too small, hearts that were weak, digestive disorders and even extreme nervousness which doctors now agree is responsible for many human ills. She maintained that many of these ailments could be danced away.

After a short talk in which Madame paid tribute to the way the allied nations are building physical fitness with systematic physical exercise, she declared that this plan did not go far enough. What was needed, in her opinion, was a proper understanding of the vital relation between muscles and mind. Exercise should give pleasure and interest in addition to building muscle. Therefore she wished to suggest that hospitals go in for dancing suited for improving the physical conditions of the patients and at the same time raise their drooping spirits. She even advocated special hospitals for this type of healing.

Madame Laurka prescribed certain slow measures for hearts that needed to be encouraged to take up greater loads. Quicker steps were demonstrated for increasing lung capacity. A faster rhythm with flashing patterns of steps would let down nerves and drive away that hyper-tension. Even digestive disorders responded to dances that strengthened the abdominal muscles and gently messaged the ailing organs inside.

Patients however, were not to be permitted to dance even the slowest measures until they had been thoroughly examined by a doctor to make certain that they were in physical shape for the interesting experiment.

CHILLY OUT OF DOORS? WHAT OF IT!

A SIP O' SUN AND OFF YOU RUN

Lucky man! full of vim, vigor and vitamins. Wise wife handed you a glass of Del Monte Pineapple Juice for breakfast—poured sunshine into your soul—and incidentally saved herself a lot of trouble.

Treat yourself to a glass of this tropic sunshine

Tropic nectar—every delicious drop of it!

And when you smack your lips over its refreshing, invigorating taste, congratulate yourself for insisting on Del Monte.

Tropic sun, rain and soil *give* this pineapple juice its superb flavor, its vitamins, all its precious food elements. Del Monte *brings* them to you wherever you live—in any climate—any season of the year.

For Del Monte is exclusively the juice of plump, pedigreed pineapples. Selected, if you please, for exact balance of sunny-sweetness and zesty tartness. *Simon-pure* juice, golden, natural, unsweetened! Packed fast, packed vacuum tight—to bring you its grand and glorious pineapple goodness.

No other kind of pineapple juice is permitted to bear the Del Monte name. No other kind of pineapple juice is good enough for you.

So, for your daily "sip o' sun," insist on Del Monte—the name that has *always* been your buy-word for superlative flavor.

A SIP O' SUN WHEN THE RUBBER'S WON

Even the losers stop alibiing when you bring in the Del Monte Pineapple Juice. And you never need to roll in a cartload of assorted drinks, either. This sunny drink is everybody's choice—for any time in the day.

A SIP O' SUN WHEN DAY IS DONE

Mom finishes the bedtime story and sonny gets his good night cup of Del Monte Pineapple Juice. Hot or cold he loves it, and slips off to sleep on the beam of a sunny dream.

A sip o' sun for everyone

Del Monte PINEAPPLE JUICE

JUST THE NATURAL UNSWEETENED JUICE

(Continued from Double Page)

reach his little eyes with her
[illegible] nails. The [illegible]
bound with laughter and offered
[illegible] while Blackbeard, [illegible]
young, felt [illegible] against
gripped her in a wrestling hug
and [illegible] to the ground.
Half dead, she reached to her feet
[illegible] towards him.

Before [illegible] the
[illegible] I never [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

An Old Drawing Picturing Blackbeard and His Bloodthirsty Followers in a Hand-to-Hand Battle With the Crew of a Ship They Had Boarded.

WHEN BLACKBEARD TERRORIZED THE SEAS

(Continued from Page 16)

his stout and very hairy legs.

A scarlet coat he wore ashore with gold buttons a little torn across his barrel chest and his beard scented to offend both heaven plaited with ribbons and pearls. All set off by a cocked hat and a mighty ostrich plume that dangled over his eyes and had him sneeze sometimes.

He spoke to Eden about the girl:

"Seein' as how I'm settled down to be a God-fearin' sailor-man," he simpered. "I've ben lookin' for a cozy home-lovin' gal to wed."

The Governor was delighted. Trade was good, he was making a fortune from the Main, and after all, as long as Eden should live in Baltimore there would be danger from other pirates.

Find the girl and I'll marry you myself," he promised hastily, somely.

"I've looked all over the harry up cowk."

The following Sunday he appeared at Government House with the shy young miss, soundly beaten only that morning by her father for avoiding the amorous glances of the pirate. She was clad in a court gown that came out of a Spanish Indiaman. Her curly hair was dressed with red ribbons under a lace cap, and about her lovely neck hung a great rope of outstanding stones all red and green and yellow. Scarlet slippers too large for her small feet tripped her, but Blackbeard's stalwart arm prevented her from falling or running away.

THE town turned out for the wedding and the pirates drank with all. The little bride, guest with her roaring husband at Government House, was frightened and weeping in a corner. Blackbeard, drunk as a lord, ranted and bellowed about the corridors swearing that his gal was the prettiest in the Americas, and threatening death to any who dared disagree.

When, near morning, the house settled down, there were curses and screams from the bridal chamber and the sound of weeping to disturb the uneasy slumbers of Governor Eden. Toby Knight didn't mind, he was dead drunk in his barn where he had gone to secrete a few dozen gold moidores won with expertly wielded dice from a pirate who was too drunk to see straight.

Next day the girl crouched in her room, white and shaken. Blackbeard was an impetuous husband. Twice during the day she fainted, and that night he took her away to a small plantation he had acquired at the mouth of the river.

About the plantation flourished another joy camp and there the townspeople came to trade. Some of the planters objected but they found their barns mysteriously fired, their slaves missing; and were robbed and beaten in broad daylight by men they dared not identify.

Wenches straggled in from South Carolina and women from the town joined the pirates. Even the Governor was not above coming down for a Saturday night, and his precious secretary, Toby Knight, spent much profitable time there.

Occasionally Blackbeard's latest wife, no longer pretty, no longer curly haired, crept like a cowed dog between the piles of merchandise. Even the wenches from Bathtown jeered at her. Blackbeard swiftly lost his affection for her and seldom came near except to kick at her with his enormous leather sea boots.

He put to sea again plundering ships between the Carolinas and the Bermudas, destroying the great vessels from the Main or the Guinea coast. At each boat he sailed back to the Governor shared his booty and retired for a few days to his pleasure camp.

By this time his wife, abused by all, pale faced and thin, stole about the plantation like a ghost. For Blackbeard, mad with drink virtually all the time, "treated her with such brutality that it was shocking to all decency and propriety, even among his abandoned crew of pirates."

There is no further record of the unfortunate girl. It is hoped that she found a merciful death.

By now Blackbeard was a menace to the Governor. He used him with the same high-handed insolence he employed towards the fawning townspeople. When Eden threatened, Blackbeard reached loud and long and talked of conspiracy who accepted stolen property. Both planters up and down the river were beginning to get together Blackbeard had the habit of calling on them with a gang of plug-uglies, demanding their best and quartering himself on them until he tired of their forced hospitality. Few planters could watch his leaving without discovering the loss of slaves, the wreckage of their happiness, a burning barn and smashed and befouled furniture.

They were all relieved when he announced to Master Tobias Knight that he was starting on another "commercial venture" and that he would be away for some weeks.

The sloop cleared the Inlet in gray lowering weather. It was unduly chill for the time of year but the pirates, fortified with rum, didn't mind that. Blackbeard lolled in his cabin swilling brandy and roaring to himself like a contented bear. That night the wind rose and the small craft strained and pitched in a vicious head sea. Richards gave orders to make all fast and slaves, impressed for the purpose, clambered awkwardly about the footropes securing loose gear; the pirates, fighting men, could not be bothered to work the ship.

As Richards moved about the reeling, sea-swept deck he could hear Blackbeard howling like a banshee and smashing empty bottles against the bulkhead. The quartermaster, Hands, who had been master of the Queen Anne's Revenge when she was an honest ship, clung to the tiller, swinging off his feet as crews were backed the heavy rudder, his weather-wise eyes noting the strain on the mast and the wash of water across the waist.

Better secure them guns," he suggested. Then—"What's that?"

Above the howling wind and the groans of the laboring sloop came a scream so eerie, so wild and unearthly as to chill even Richards pale.

It a Blackbeard," he scoffed after a while. "The rum's fevered him. Listen, he'll bellow like a mad bull for a bit, then he'll go to sleep."

But the frightful keening continued and Richards saw slaves crouching by the poop stairs their eyes rolling in the lantern light, their mouths open with dread. Someone burst out of the glory-hole where the pirates were gathered. A tall man with a long, sweeping mustache galloped aft.

"What's goin' on in this ship?" he blustered. "There's summat wrong. There's someone aboard this sloop as ain't signed articles."

"Don't talk like a fool," snapped Richards. "Back to the gun-deck."

But other pirates, badly frightened, boiled out of the hatch and trooped aft, their eyes over their shoulders and weapons clutched in desperate hands.

"All Blackbeard"

There was a crashing below the poop and the arch-pirate stumbled on deck to be met with a dollop of spray in his wild whipping beard.

"What's amiss?" he howled, feet wide apart and a bottle in his fist. "What be ship ahf"? Get for'rard, dogs, where ye belong."

"There's the Devil aboard," muttered one.

"The Devil? What if he is? What if the Devil has signed on wi' me? I'm cap'n!"

"Aie!" screamed a slave. "Look!"

Forward, silhouetted against a burst of oyster-gray spindrift, a black figure danced across the fo'c'sle head and seemed to disappear.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

RICHARDS jumped below and [illegible] the long-nosed [illegible] Blackbeard gulped at it [illegible] hastily until it was empty.

"The Devil, I tell you! Well we'll see about that! I shan't say who I [illegible] him. Get them, every [illegible] he's aboard!"

The [illegible] slowly lifted [illegible] buttons.

Below, all of [illegible] who's the Devil.

His eyes glowed like [illegible] he stared [illegible]

"You too [illegible] it [illegible] at the tiller. [illegible] Nothin'll happen, if the Devil aboard will it fails."

Richards snatched a lantern and stepped into the hold. The

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

LAUGHING GIRL

(Continued from Page 11)

me sick to my stomach. ... He said that ... life ... for the ... But that ... suspicion ... Thereafter ... Hanna ...

... CHAPTER XV.

G ... to the theatre Sandra ... tried to compose ... her thoughts in ... succeed. An hour ... think that ... be of much ... She had been ... patronizing. And she ... that the ... about that case of his, was that she had never ... vestigated ...

... very indeed ... Sandra knew. She felt that, in spite of all his arguments Brook had done the wrong thing in deciding that she was to come here. No matter how ... and loganite was to him, no matter how patriotic his motives were, he should have considered the danger to her, of living at those quarters with a man like Peter Storm. But when the suspicion obtruded itself that no man could love a girl very much if he would urge her to live on such a basis with another man she put it out of her mind as unworthy.

She walked down the hall to the door of Peter Storm's tower apartment and pressed the button. The door was opened by a tall broad shouldered Negro of about forty.

He held the door open only a few inches and looked at her ... Then ... Hearing a voice ... said that ... your wife ... the cat and went ... She ... Mrs. Storm ... Have ... Mrs. Storm ... Will ... please."

Sandra thought ... for ... to ... that he looked ... like a man who ... great deal and ... Perhaps ... Negro ... who ... for Peter Storm ... Have ... Mrs. Storm ... Will ... please."

Sandra thought ... for ... to ... that he looked ... like a man who ... great deal and ... Perhaps ... Negro ... who ... for Peter Storm ... Have ... Mrs. Storm ... Will ... please."

... Sandra ... Peter ... Storm

(Continued from Page 17)

TALES OF THE OLD BUCCANEERS

[illegible] axe breached it. The men, wrapping shirts about their nostrils, dipped out the reeking sperit. Writhing strangling, eyes streaming from sulphur fumes they swallowed the rum and lay on deck to avoid the deadly stench.

How now, lads?" bellowed their master his beard farming through the bitter yellow haze. How d'ye like the taste o' Hell "

Suddenly one of the slaves crawled choking sob and scrambled the [illegible] after the batch. Others, smitten with panic fought lice tigers to follow. The hatch flew open [illegible] the men, drawing through lung on lung gulping the sweet air thankfully. The last to leave was Richards leaving Blackbeard coughing and laughing in the smother. When all were on deck he climbed through the hatch in a billow of yellow smoke and stamped aft.

No [illegible] he coughed. "Oh [illegible] don't stand A [illegible] I was there until the last mother's son was away. If there's a devil aboard I'm he."

The men, nursing their [illegible] throats stood back as he staggered below.

"Did ye notice" mumbled Hands, that the ship held her course as if [illegible]

Aye," replied Richards, "as if the Devil were at the helm."

They could hear Blackbeard coughing about his cabin and bellowing drunken defiance to God and Devil. Then were vastly relieved when [illegible] broke on a cannon ball. That day they sighted a fine French ship which they attacked and Blackbeard in his [illegible] backed and slew until there was no man living of the Frenchman's crew. Blackbeard's men brought her back to Bathtown and Eden and Knight took their shares of her cargo. Blackbeard towed her to a remote cove in Pamlico Sound and [illegible] her to the waters [illegible]

That's what the Devil does to us pirates," he boasted. And led his merry men to the greatest debauch they had had in the dreadful camp where the women waited them.

But [illegible] and cheered without the pirates. They'd had enough. A deputation waited upon Governor Spotswood of Virginia (he who had fought so valiantly at Blenheim) imploring aid against the scourge of Carolina.

Our own Governor is in [illegible] with him," they reported bitterly. "Will you not help us for the good of the Colony?"

Governor Spotswood immediately sent for the captains of two men-of-war, the Pearl and the Lime, laying in the James River. They commissioned two sloops which being of shallow draught and good sailers, could navigate in the shallow waters of Pamlico Sound. They sailed under command of Lieutenant Maynard and he leading in the sloop Ranger, arrived off Ocracoke Inlet on November 21st 1718.

Meanwhile, Blackbeard, his sloop sheltered by an island from the open Sound, was roistering in his camp. His men were all over the colony from the boozing dens of Bathtown to the camp itself.

Somehow Eden heard of Governor Spotswood's action and Tobias Knight wrote a letter to Blackbeard warning him of the arrival of the King's ships. Beating through Bathtown he managed to flush four drunken pirates and these he dispatched to their master.

King's ship, eh?" he [illegible] coughed. "What King's ship would dare attack me?" and he continued the carousal.

But when dawn came he made out the sloops' topmasts in the Sound.

Ho, men!" he roared. "Action!"

The huts in the clearing gave up twenty bleary-eyed pirates. Their women ran screaming to hide in the bush, while Blackbeard, cursing like a maniac, prepared to fight the two sloops.

They had to wait for daylight to negotiate the tricky channels. There was no wind so Maynard put off in a boat to take soundings. Blackbeard, sluking behind the island, opened fire, and Maynard hoisted his colors and started towing his sloops towards him. Slowly Blackbeard's sloop, its deck a riffle of gear and breached casks, slid out from its base and Maynard opened fire.

Blackbeard replied with a broadside that wounded twenty men in Maynard's sloop and nine in the other. But trying to manoeuver across a channel, Blackbeard ran aground. His beard plaited into a dozen pigtails matches blazing about his hairy features, Blackbeard stepped on a bulwark.

"Damn ye for villains!" he bellowed. "Who are ye and from whence d'ye come?"

Ye may see by our colors we're no pirates," Maynard replied.

"Send a boat aboard me that I may see who ye be."

"I cannot spare my boat, but I'll come aboard of you as soon as I can with my sloop," defied Maynard.

Blackbeard snatched a glass of brandy from a slave.

"Twill serve me if I give you quarter or take any from ye," he toasted.

I expect none from you, and I'll give none," Maynard is reported to have answered.

The tide by this time had floated Blackbeard's sloop and Maynard's ship rowed closer. Again Blackbeard fired and Maynard ordered all his men below save himself and a man at the helm. A mighty broadside exploded from Blackbeard's ship and [illegible] stones, iron and broken glass whistled through Maynard's rigging. By this time the other King's sloop had drifted aground and was out of the battle.

The air was opaque with smoke so that no one could see the ships. But Blackbeard was not idle. He prepared case boxes full of powder, nails, shot and rubbish, and put slow matches to them. Slowly the Ranger's mast showed through the choking fumes.

Let [illegible] Bonnet's Pirate Blackbeard.

Several of the bombs crashed aboard the Ranger and exploded with much noise and smoke, but little damage was done as the King's men were under cover.

Hooray!" roared Blackbeard. They're all knocked out by the heat except three or four. Let's jump on board and cut them to pieces."

IN THE blinding smoke the pirate and sixteen of his men boarded Maynard, but his men were ready, and with swinging cutlasses jumped to repel them.

There was pandemonium. Pistols thrust with pikes; pistols barked through the smoke and King's men slammed back at the boarders with [illegible] and [illegible] Blackbeard, but gone, beard smouldering, blood pouring from a dozen cuts, howled like a demon.

"Where's that Lootnant I'll have his heart!

"Here" shouted Maynard, and they met on the Ranger's deck.

Blackbeard circled the smaller man like a panther, his king and swearing. Twice his blade arched at [illegible] slew in Maynard's eyes [illegible] Maynard parried and steered his mighty shoulder. There was a yell behind him. He stepped back and Blackbeard snatched a pistol from its sling, thrust it into Maynard's face and pulled the trigger. There was a click but the charge did not explode.

"Now!" he roared. And his cutlass swished past Maynard's head. He stumbled, and with a yell, Blackbeard bore down on him, but a seaman drove with a pike and tore out the pirate's throat. With a horrible gurgle he dropped to the deck like a slaughtered bull. Panting, Maynard looked about him. Eight of the pirates were killed, the others backed to the bulwarks crying and begging for quarter.

"Cease fire!" he ordered, and [illegible] aboard Blackbeard's sloop. In the water a few slaves [illegible] frantically for the shore.

Hold, there!" he yelled suddenly, and jumped for the powder [illegible] In it a dreadfully frightened slave crouched by a barrel. He held a [illegible] a flaring torch in his fist, his big hand. With a bound Maynard knocked it away.

What are ye up to?" he [illegible]

In Blackbeard saw if the King's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hands the Negro fell front. Maynard parried and sidestepped

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3126 — THERE'S GAY CHEERFULNESS IN EVERY LINE OF THIS MARIAN MARTIN FROCK THAT POINTED FRONT WAIST SEAM IS BECOMING. Design for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 5)

...[illegible] ...easy again."

Deputies Mulhall and Ruckel were detailed to take him to the island.

Gardiner was searched minutely, handcuffed and fitted with an octagon band. This is a steel contrivance weighing over twenty pounds and consisting of a stirrup passing under the foot and a thick collar around the leg, which prevents the wearer from walking more than a couple of inches at a time.

At Portland the Feds stopped [illegible] Depot. Nobody knew [illegible] coming of the [illegible].

At exactly 7 P. M. Dyson was put on the train, escorted to supper [illegible].

"I wasn't so hard to [illegible]," Gardiner [illegible].

Mulhall [illegible] turned his head to [illegible] the [illegible]. Suddenly he [illegible] snatching a pocket [illegible] his [illegible]. "Stick 'em up," he [illegible].

Dyson [illegible] his hands and [illegible] Mulhall's knee. He freed [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the Fed from [illegible].

But [illegible] the officers to [illegible] jump. Deputies [illegible] pocketing all their money.

The train slowed at Castle Rock, Washington.

Sneaking off the lights the [illegible] down the [illegible] car. Dyson's [illegible]. Duke. With a yell he dived through a window. Pandemonium broke loose. Gardiner poked open a door and jumped out into the darkness. Dyson was quickly caught. But again Roy Gardiner was away.

As a youth, in 1906 he was acted from the United States Army because, he said, he didn't want to learn to shoot people. In 1910 he was captured while holding up a San Francisco jewelry store. Detectives rushed in but he laughed at them and handed over an empty gun.

For that escapade he drew five years in San Quentin, but his conduct was excellent and he was paroled in 1912.

Shortly afterwards he met and married Dolly Nelson of Vallejo. Thus the only good influence he ever knew came into his life. He settled down and worked in the Mare Island Navy Yard as a welder. But in 1920 the perverse streak broke out again and he held up the mail truck in San Diego.

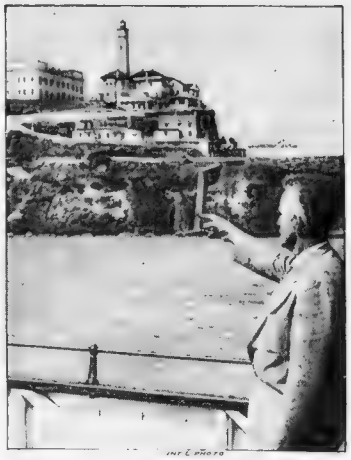
On the night of May 19, 1921 Gardiner robbed the Southern Pacific Flier of $175,000 of registered mail.

Furiously a posse searched the countryside and some weeks later found their quarry calmly playing cards with the Fire Chief of the town of Roseville, California.

He was unarmed.

Again he was ironed and handcuffed. But again he got away en route to McNeil.

This time he was not long free.



INT'L PHOTO

Roy Gardner, Prince of Jail-Breakers, Pointing Toward the Federal Prison on Alcatraz Island From a San Francisco "Rubbernecks" Launch, on Which He Worked as a Guide After His Release. All His Cunning as a Jail Breaker Failed Him at Alcatraz Where He Spent Three Years.

HIS LAST ESCAPE

Six days later Mrs. Marion Howell, proprietress of the Oxford House in Centralia, Washington, became suspicious of a new boarder who wore enveloping bandages over his face. He explained that he had been badly burned in an accident. But the woman notified Louis Sonney, Centralia's police chief, who paid the mysterious guest a call.

"Take off those bandages," he ordered.

Gardner removed them.

"Who are you?" demanded Sonney.

"I am Roy Gardner," said the bandit dramatically.

Again, unarmed, he was captured. And this time they got him to McNeil where he stayed until that famous ball game.

After his spectacular escape from the island he bought a bottle of peroxide with which he bleached his hair. This with a pair of tinted glasses gave him enough disguise to travel to Phoenix, Arizona, where he planned his next coup.

One night he watched Herman Interlied, clerk of the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad put mail aboard the train for the run to Los Angeles. The clerk took off his coat leaving his revolver on a table then stepped off the train to pick up mail from a drop box. That was what Gardner awaited. Quick as a cat he hopped into the car, dragged a mask over his face, picked up Interlied's gun. At that moment the clerk returned.

"Stick 'em up," snapped Gardner.

But Interlied, shouting, dived at his legs and Gardner stumbled over on him. Slashing at him with the gun Gardner rolled frantically trying to escape the clerk's clutching arms.

The clerk punched at him grappling until he got the older man on his back, and, yelling for help, he straddled him and beat at his face, reaching vainly for the gun that Gardner still gripped.

Attracted by the mail clerk's shouts police climbed into the car and swiftly overpowered the intruder.

It's Roy Gardner," snapped a yard cop. "Boy we've got some thing."

Remember, fellah," panted Gardner to the clerk, "if I hadn't been a good sport I could have shot you with your own gun."

He was taken to Leavenworth and there became the model prisoner again.

Later he applied to be transferred to Alcatraz, the only prisoner who ever requested that privilege.

For years his wife tried her best to get him a parole, but when Federal authorities insisted that he wouldn't be eligible for parole until 1961, she gave up hope and had their marriage annulled. She later married another man in Napa California and [illegible] a few months after her marriage. The authorities doubted if Roy had behaved so well he was entitled to his freedom.

He was finally released in 1938, a gray haired man of 54—and the [illegible] the only person waiting for him was Louis Sonney, the ex-policeman who captured him at Centralia.

With the reward money, Sonney had gone into the moving picture business and he gave Roy a job.

But Gardner was proud of his ability as a public speaker. He left Sonney and went on a stage tour appearing handcuffed and bound on the futility of crime. But the public wasn't much interested and his act flopped. He later sold the story of his life to a moving picture company for $8,000 and bought a ranch.

Within a few days he knocked over a lamp and set the ranch house on fire. Uninsured it was a total loss. He wrote a book called "Hellcatraz" which he published himself. This too was a flop.

When the San Francisco Examiner took a concession and lectured on his experiences. He lost practically all his money.

The world had forgotten Roy Gardner, Robin Hood of the Pacific Coast, and Gardner reformed character, was unable to make an honest living.

The temptation to pull another spectacular robbery must have been strong. But as his grip on himself weakened that old dread of committing murder preyed on his mind more and more.

There was only one thing left to live for.

One last gesture. He might be deathly afraid of committing murder, but he wasn't afraid of being executed, and he proved it by executing himself.

Yet at the end he considered others—his forethought in putting the warning notice on the door of his death chamber saved the life of Madelyn Langston, the chambermaid.

ENGLAND'S QUEEREST CHRISTENING

ONLY a very few fortunate persons were allowed to witness the strange and mysterious rites which recently took place in Surrey, England, to exorcise evil spirits from the body of a five-month-old Prince.

He is Prince Tekanasaukti, the son of Prince and Princess Chirasakti, the adopted son and daughter-in-law of ex-King Prajadhipok of Siam now called Thai-Land.

The ceremony of blessing the baby is a thousand years old. Only a priest, or a Brahmin, may perform it. Ex-King Prajadhipok as Prince Tekanasaukti's grandfather, and a Brahmin executed all the sacred and symbolic rites. He called together the Prince's relatives, and the few honored guests allowed to be present. All the offerings were prepared. Everything was made ready for a ceremony such as had never before taken place in Great Britain.

Outside the house a table was spread with a cloth of finest linen, inset and edged with lace medallions. To invite the good spirits to come and bless Prince Tekanasaukti there were placed on the table a glass of whisky, a glass of [illegible], sausages, fruits in spirituous liquors from the Orient to tempt the Oriental spirits. At one end were incense sticks which were lighted by ex-King Prajadhipok to drive away evil omens. As a priest he lit two candles. Then the ceremony continued indoors.

In front of a shrine to Buddha, the ex-King knelt. He lit more candles, and made obeisance to his god. Then, as everyone present held his breath, the Princess Chirasakti helped her husband and her foster father to cut one hair from the head of Prince Tekanasaukti.

After seconds that seemed hours, one hair was carefully removed from Prince Tekanasaukti's head. The ex-King handed it to the baby's father who immediately concealed it in a lotus leaf. They anointed the baby with holy water especially blessed in far-off Thai-Land.

Fine silken cords which had been draped over an occult Oriental ornament were passed over the body of the baby and afterwards burned to take with them all evil spirits. If so much as one atom of silk remained untouched by fire, it might harbor future ill luck for the Prince.

Everyone present was then handed colored cords which had been blessed in Thai-Land and flown by air mail to England. One by one, they stepped up to tie a cord to the baby's wrist or ankle. It was necessary that they wish him good luck as they did so. Thus was good fortune tied to Prince Tekanasaukti for life.

After the baby was returned to his cradle especially made for him, the sides of quilted satin with frills and flounces of point d'esprit, gift offerings were placed beside him until there was hardly room left for the young Prince. Each offering symbolized some future virtue which he was expected to show.

Ex-King Prajadhipok gave him "Two Hundred Years of Science," since he wished the boy to be a scientist. His mother hoped that her offering of the complete works of William Shakespeare would insure his literary success. He was given a small sword for bravery; a screwdriver, that he might be clever with his hands; for musical talent a piece from Chopin.

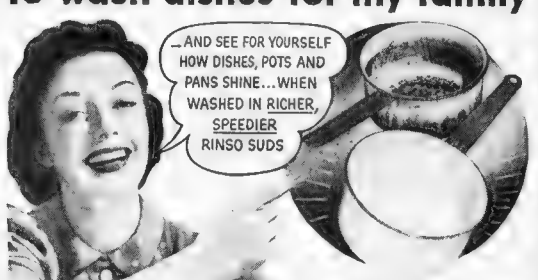
His future religion was indicated by a copy of a Buddhist book. The last offering made to him was some marrow, indicative of a healthy life.

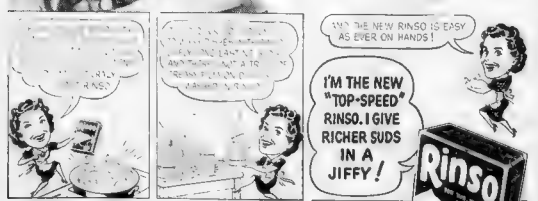
The ceremony was not yet over. Four bundles had to be prepared. One contained rice and eggs. Another was full of cucumber slices; the third a piece of cake, the fourth half a banana. It was necessary that these be burned one at each corner of the house, to satisfy the good spirits.

And—this was most remarkable, the entire ceremony took place in absolute silence.

Never opened his mouth until Prince and Princess Chirasakti left, carefully carrying the hair of their son wrapped in a lotus leaf, to deposit their offering in the waters of the River Bourne. As the leaf and the hair it enclosed floated away it meant that all bad luck also floated away from Prince Tekanasaukti.

Costs me less than 1¢ a day to wash dishes for my family





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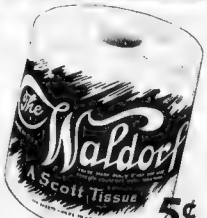

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Secrets of Deep-Fat Frying

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

FRYING as a cooking method has been in constant use since the days of the Romans, whose household records show that a large proportion of their foods were cooked in hot, and generally deep hot, oil. The Italians, descendants of the Romans, still prefer many foods so cooked in hot olive oil; while the French also feature foods cooked in a deep bath of hot fat, as witness the familiar French-fried potatoes, potato chips, fritters and other delicacies.

The Chinese, among the best cooks in the world, also emphasize cooking in oil, and any Chinese kitchen is recognizeby the odor of heated peanut oil e sesame oil, which browns so perfectly the noodles, shrimp or pork of Oriental specialties.

The term "frying" to us signifies two methods:

(1) Pan-frying, preferably called to saute, which requires only sufficient fat to grease the bottom of the skillet or pan.

(2) Deep-fat frying, which requires a much larger amount of fat, sufficient to cover the food entirely.

Rightly done, this latter method is one of the most suitable for Winter foods, since the addition of fat in frying increases the food value of the dish and thus aids the body better to resist low or cold-weather temperatures. That is, the fat, oil or shortening used is a source of energy and makes foods more nutritious. Some shortening and oils, too, further supply important vitamins.

Moreover, deep-fat-fried foods taste good because of the crisp, nut-like brown "crust" formed over the food during frying. At the same time, the flesh or mixture of the food within is kept juicy, tender and moist, protected as it is by this outer crust.

Again, many soft foods, almost shapeless in themselves (batters, doughs, soft fruits, sea-foods) are given form and firmness when encased in a crisp crust achieved only by this frying method. In short, deep-fat-fried foods are tasty foods, attractive foods, and, if done correctly, they are also wholesome foods.

These factors are needed for satisfactory and successful deep-fat frying:

(1) Bland vegetable oil or shortening.

(2) The food must be in the right condition for frying.

(3) The most efficient utensil should be used.

(4) Scientifically accurate temperatures should be strictly adhered to.

To deep-fat-fry foods properly requires an oil or shortening which meets the conditions of neutral flavor, "high smoking point," and good keeping qualities. The flavor must be natural, so that the food's own flavor will not be changed or buried beneath that of the fat. Whenever we eat a fried bit of food and taste "fat" and not "food," then there's been a mistake made in the choice of the fat.

Now for that somewhat tickli-sh explanation of "high smoking oint." When any fat is heated raised to high temperature, h chemical composition changes, and certain elements "break dan" rapidly and rearrange themselves into less wholesome cuposition. Fats like butter, which re very delicious, sweet ,and wholsome eaten uncooked, have a "low smoking point"—that is, the burn easily, as anyone knows so has even for a moment taken'er eyes off a pan in which butte is being melted.

When any fat breaks dm, the poor results are indicateon the blue smoke which appearsrom the frying kettle. But if that has a "high smoking poit," then it may be raised to a tenperature of even 400 degrees without smoke or bad effects on the cooking food.

Vegetable oils are most suited for deep-fat frying because they have this important high smoking point. Olive oil, peanut oil, cottonseed oil, either as pure liquid oils or when manufactured into solid form, are pure, sweet and wholesome frying shortenings. In their latter form of a white, glossy, smooth, creamy, solid fat, they are convenient because they do not tip or spill, and because they keep well, it being possible to use such fats over-and-over-again.

A deep-fat frying kettle and basket is a traditional utensil in the well-stocked pantry. The older forms show a deep saucepan and a deep wire basket.

But this, too, has been improved, and a most efficient frying unit today is a shallow fryer with a temperature gauge all its own. Flat, and thus less likely to tilt over its burden of hot oil, this fryer has an inner ring or collar which further prevents any damage from spluttering fat. The small, chunky temperature gauge fits upright into this collar, and is thus constantly visible to the operator without need of using the hands. When filled with about 3 pounds of oil or shortening, the fryer will rapidly produce all the best fried foods and novelties with speed and ease.

Now for the condition of the food itself:

The food to be deep-fried must have some special preparation, or be such that it will form a crust in the hot oil, otherwise there would be no "browning". It is easily seen that flour mixtures, starchy doughs and batters, are prime choice among food to be fried, resulting in the popular doughnut, cruller or fritter. But if the food itself be moist or porous, then it must be made floury or have a starchy envelope if we expect it to fry to a golden brown.

It is for this reason that every recipe for deep-fat frying of a moist food dictates that the food shall be "dipped in egg and crumbs, and then again in beaten egg," or some variant of this theme. For there must be a floured exterior if the food is to take on the rich golden hue so tasty and so sweet and crusty.

This exterior protection may be supplied by rolling in flour, or in fine bread-crumbs or in rolled crackers, or in crushed cereal flakes; any starch will do, though each food seems to demand one type in preference to others. Thus, fish fillets take on savor if rolled in fine-grained cereal, while meat cutlets seem to call for rolling in fine dry and sifted bread-crumbs, etc.

This "egg-and-crumb" technique, by the way, cannot be done incompletely or carelessly, and sufficient time must elapse to allow the coating to cling to the food, so that it won't drop off during the frying. For this reason, it is often better to egg-and-crumb several hours in advance, and to stand the foods in the refrigerator to chill, and thus harden the coating.

A cook once in the writer's employ made by all odds the finest, most luscious fried oysters ever eaten, and this was her method:

To first dry the large oysters carefully between paper towels, and then dip them into a genuine mayonnaise, and then into the finest bread-crumbs, and set them on a bread-board in the refrigerator for two hours. Then she removed them and dipped them into beaten egg and crumbs, highly seasoned, and allowed another two-hour chilling to intervene before frying. The result was more than mouth-watering!

This point of draining or drying before cooking is always important with fried foods, as the least drop of water makes the fat sputter and tends to reduce the frying temperature.

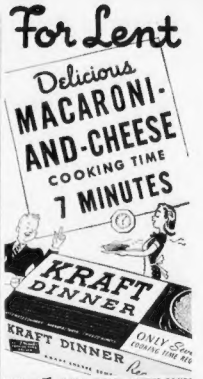
And after cooking, the last fine point is to let the foods "drain on absorbent paper" to take up all excess oil. Sheets of white kitchen tissue are excellent; or you may use two paper plates, shaking the food dry of oil between them.

Last, fried foods are hasty foods—that is, they must be eaten quickly after serving. Curses on the portion of restaurant "French-fried" on the side, which has been left to linger around the steam-table for an hour or longer.

While admitting the importance of such jolly items as doughnuts and the usual fruit fritter, there is also much to be said for fried forms of sea-food, as in fried oysters, fried clams or clam fritters, and for fried vegetables such as fried celery, fried eggplant sticks (dandy as cocktail snacks), and others.

Give your Winter meals a lift with a new deep-fat-fried recipe —and here is a frying temperature table you will want to follow:

Food	Temperature Degrees
French-Fried Potatoes and Sweet-ring Potatoes	390
Potato Chips	380
Fish, Meat and Vegetable Croquettes (cooked)	375 to 390
Raw Vegetables	380
Doughnuts and Fritters	370 to 380
Fish Fillets, Scallops, Oysters, etc.	370 to 385
Meat or Fowl Cutlets	370 to 390



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Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? If so, it may be worth $1.00 to you.

Perhaps it is an unusual way to use leftovers. Maybe it is a clever way to use less gas or electricity. Or then again it may be a timesaving idea for doing housework, or making an inexpensive something do the work of a more expensive something else.

Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
235 East 45th Street, New York.

THIS week, Mrs. Richard Johnson, Berwyn, Illinois, gets the column off to a fine start with four helpful suggestions.

* * *

SOUP.

To water in which you have cooked spaghetti or macaroni, add a bouillon cube and an onion, cut in pieces. This makes a delicious soup.

* * *

CAKE.

When making a cake, two tablespoons of boiling water creamed in with the butter will do the task much quicker. Be sure to deduct two tablespoons of the liquid used in the cake.

* * *

TENDER.

Rub chicken inside and out with a cut lemon before cooking. It will make the meat whiter, juicy and tender.

* * *

SAUCE.

To save time in making apple-sauce, wash apples, cut the unpared apples into pieces, leaving the core in. Cook till soft, then run them through a colander. Add sugar to taste and a dash of cinnamon. Reheat, then chill.

Mrs. Richard Johnson,
Berwyn, Illinois.

* * *

EGGS.

When stuffing eggs I have found that a small amount of cottage cheese added to mashed yolks is good. My youngster asked that extra sugar be used in yolk mixture and I found that an improvement also. Always use thick sweet cream to make mixture proper consistency.

Mary Louise Russell,
Fulton, Kentucky.

* * *

OYSTERS.

Here is something a little different to try on your oysters. Dip oysters in mayonnaise then bread crumbs, mayonnaise and bread crumbs again. Then fry in deep fat. My family goes for them in a big way.

Mrs. W. Bell,
Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

SMOOTH.

Are your hands rough? Try grandmother's remedy. Keep a small bowl of corn meal on your sink and every time you wash your hands rub corn meal on them and then rinse in cold water and watch how smooth your hands will get.

Mrs. Patsy Moore,
San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

CURTAINS.

Instead of spilling out left over tea and coffee, I strain it into a quart milk bottle or jar. Set it in a cool place and ladies, this makes the grandest tint for your faded curtains. Let it accumulate until you have enough, then pour it into a pan or bucket, bring to the boiling point, dip your curtains and you can even boil them in this liquid. Your curtains really look new at no extra cost.

Mrs. Sidney Hicks,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

STIFFENER.

If egg white will not bent stiff, add a teaspoon of cold water and pinch of salt, continue beating with best results.

Mrs. J. Wolondo,
New York City.

* * *

CLEANER.

Potato water, made by grating a potato into ½ pint of water (cold) and then straining after it has stood awhile is splendid for cleaning cloth and serge from which it will remove even obstinate mud stains.

Mrs. N. E. O'Brien,
Buffalo, N. Y.

SO IMPORTANT TO GROWTH IN CHILDREN

Boys and girls just cannot have the well-rounded development and growth which help in sport and studies, if their diet lacks Thiamin (Vitamin B_1). In fact, active youngsters burn up energy fast—may actually need *more* of this "spark-plug" vitamin daily than many adults. Serve Quaker Oats regularly—it's triple-rich in needed Thiamin.

Yes! Get Extra "Spark-Plug" Vitamin... Eat the Delicious Hot QUAKER OATS Breakfast

HERE'S the simple, money-saving way to get extra Vitamin B_1, called Thiamin—to help stay on the energetic side, where life is healthier, happier! For the world is fast learning that this great vitamin provides a spark our bodies just *must have* to help turn food into vital energy, not fat. And science now knows that you will tire too easily if you don't get enough Vitamin B_1 in your daily meals.

Every satisfying bowl of Quaker Oats gives you a "triple helping" of Vitamin B_1—supplies enough "spark" to help turn itself and twice again as much additional food into energy. Whole-grain oatmeal is actually Nature's *richest thrifty source* of this great "spark-plug" vitamin.

Most important, Vitamin B_1 cannot be stored up by the body. So eat a generous serving of delicious Quaker Oats *every morning*, to help keep your energy flame burning brightly. Vitamin B_1 also contributes to healthy nerves, normal growth in children, good digestion.

Quick Quaker Oats is ready in as little as 2½ minutes. Serving for serving, gives over twice as much for your money as six other leading brands of cereals. May save you up to 50c a day over more expensive foods. Remember to get a big, economical package at your grocer's right away.

HELP YOUR ENERGY FLAME BURN MORE BRIGHTLY

Thiamin (Vitamin B_1) provides the "spark" which must be present to help change food into energy. Quaker Oats is triple-rich in Thiamin—every serving supplies enough Thiamin for turning itself and twice again as much food into energy.

QUAKER OATS

AMERICA'S POPULAR YEAR 'ROUND BREAKFAST

QUAKER AND MOTHER'S OATS ARE IDENTICAL *They are the same in Thiamin content. They have the same famous, delicious flavor. Remember to get a package at once.*

FASTER WAY TO CLEAN

Cuts Down on 90% of All the Scrubbing and Scouring You Do!

STUDY THIS SIMPLE PROOF:

1 Scour one half of dirty pan with ordinary "lazy" cleanser. Notice how hard you work—how slowly dirt disappears.

2 Now Try Bab-O. See how it dissolves grease so dirt gently wipes away, leaving pan clean, shiny, with far less work.

It's Grease That Makes Dirt Stick. Bab-O Dissolves Grease So Dirt Gently Wipes Away!

●How to get rid of the greasy binder that makes dirt stick? Ordinary "sluggish" cleaners, depending chiefly on grit, make you do most of the work. But Bab-O contains an active *special ingredient* that quickly *dissolves* grease, so dirt easily *wipes* off. And because Bab-O works so fast, you can use less of it. You save time, work, and money too. Switch to Bab-O today.

NOTE: Bab-O is white—stays white even when wet—because it contains only pure cleaning ingredients.

Tune in DAVID HARUM, NBC Red Network, 11:00—11:15 A.M., E.S.T. Mon. thru Fri.

BAB-O
The GREASE-DISSOLVING Cleaner

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Please send me . . . bottles of PARFUM DE THE STARS mounted on Entry Cards. Check choice:
☐ Joan Blondell ☐ Franciska Gaal. I enclose 10c for each.

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+60% MORE MEAT in every can!
Extra MEAT Means Extra GOODNESS Extra NOURISHMENT Extra VALUE

Gebhardt's CHILI CON CARNE WITH BEANS

ACTUAL Tests Prove GEBHARDT'S CHILI CON CARNE with BEANS contains more meat than any of the nineteen leading brands tested.

GEBHARDT CHILI POWDER CO., San Antonio, Texas

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

GLORIFYING THE LOWLY CODFISH ABOARD A PORTUGUESE TRAWLER

WERE it not for the Municipal and other towering buildings with the early morning sun reflected from each window pane against lower New York City's skyline, were it not for the hum of Manhattan-bound traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge overhead, the tidy little trawler with its Portuguese-American crew might be anchored off the Coast of Portugal somewhere between Cape St. Vincent and Finisterre, instead of in the shadow of busy Fulton Fish Market.

Shortly after dawn, grizzled Capt. Brasaca and his crew, five days out of Boston by way of the fishing banks had disposed of their catch. Although it was still early in the morning, as most folk reckon time, the trawler's hold and decks already had been sluiced down till the last finny scale was washed overboard into the East River, the fishing gear had been neatly stowed ready for use on the return trip to the fishing banks and Boston, and from the tiny galley was coming a fragrant, appetizing aroma where Pepe the cook was performing minor miracles with a codfish.

Most landlubbers probably regard a sun dried, salted cod as a dull, unimaginative item of food. But there isn't a cook aboard the many trawlers that sell their catch at the Fulton Fish Market, nor a housewife among the 12,000 Portuguese-American residents of New York City who can't turn a cod into an inviting, inexpensive meal.

"There are at least 70 ways that I know of to prepare a cod," said Pepe. "Most of 'em are sort of instinctive with Portuguese cooks who add this much olive oil, that much white wine and other items. You'd be surprised what you could do with a cod. Ever hear of codfish salad, for example? We've got one called Esquetade, that's excellent. Here is the way I make it:

Codfish Salad

"I take about a handful of flaked codfish and have ready a wooden bowl which had been rubbed with garlic clove. Then I slice up a raw onion, a couple of pimientos, three or four anchovies, olives, black preferred, and maybe slice up a couple of hardboiled eggs. Then I line the bowl with nice lettuce, put all the other ingredients on top and season with home made salad dressing.

"Whenever a Portuguese cook prepares to make a dish with salt cod, the fish is soaked in cold water for at least 12 hours before use. The water should be changed often as this is very important. Naturally it should be done when making Bacalhau, one of our favorite main dish recipes, as well as all others I tell you about.

Bacalhau Portugese Cod

"Take a one to two pound salt cod, depending on number to be served. Bone and flake it. Slice a few large potatoes, onions, tomatoes and pimientos. The amount should be equal to the weight of the cod used. Take a casserole and place a layer of the cod on the bottom. Add a layer of potatoes, another layer of cod, a layer of onions and so forth until all has been used.

"In a glass thoroughly mix at least three tablespoons olive oil, one tablespoon melted butter and enough salt and pepper to season. Pour in casserole, which should be covered. Over low flame simmer for one hour or a little longer.

"Cod makes an excellent and nourishing soup, too," says Pepe, "although it is so filling that people sometimes make an entire meal of it. Here is the recipe;

Potaje a la Portugese

"Use a cod at least one pound. In this recipe, a pound of dried peas as well as the cod should have been soaked for half a day in water. Now take the peas and place in a pot half full of water. When it begins to boil, add three small sliced onions, two sliced carrots, a bit of fragrant herbs, small clove of garlic and a bayleaf.

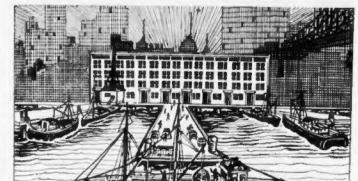
"While this is simmering, wash one and a half pounds of spinach well and cook separately. It should be well chopped before adding to the soup pot. Now add a sliced tomato. Try peas after 40 minutes to see if tender. The soup should simmer about 45 minutes in all. Just before it is finished I sometimes add two well chopped hardboiled eggs.

"For a real delicacy, the kind of dish that people in expensive restaurants would order there is my own recipe for cod fish tongues which I make like this:

Cod Fish Tongues

"In a frying pan I put olive oil and heat. I mince a garlic clove and two small onions and add for flavor with a bit of pepper. Meantime I boil some new potatoes if I can get them or some large potatoes which should be diced afterward.

"Next I dip the cod tongues in flour, put in the pan and fry for a quarter of hour, adding a little bit of water. Finally I add the boiled potatoes and fry for two or three minutes more. Or cod tongues and sounds (the air bladder of the fish) mixed with scraps of pork and fried potatoes."



Early in the Morning the Portuguese Crew Unloads Its Catch at New York's Big Fish Market on the Lower East Side.

Although Many People Eat It, Few Know the Meaning of the Word "Goulash." Which Is Hungarian for Herd Boy. The Dish Was Originated Centuries Ago by Shepherds Who Found That When Well Prepared, It Would Keep for Weeks in Their Knapsacks.

CLEAR SOUP

IT'S MADE WITH 'MEAT POCKETS'

"USUALLY make a big kettle full of the soup and with varied accompaniments a different soup can be had every day," writes Mrs. Jack Basco, Cleveland, Ohio. "My recipe follows:

3 or 4 pounds plate beef or bottom round beef	1 small wedge cabbage
1 veal knuckle	2 potatoes (more if small)
1 marrow bone	2 turnips
8 quarts water	½ cup canned tomatoes
4 carrots	2 stalks celery
2 parsley roots	Parsley greens
	Salt to taste

"Put meat in kettle with the water, bring to boil, let simmer slowly with one tablespoon salt for about 1 hour, skim off to keep clear. Add carrots, parsley roots, turnips and celery, leaving tops to add just before soup is done. Cook slowly until meat and vegetables are almost done. Add tomatoes, cabbage, potatoes. Cook until soft. Use more salt if necessary. One-half hour before serving add celery and parsley tops. Strain broth. Serve with the vegetables diced, or serve the broth with rice or crackers and the vegetables on the meat platter.

"For the meat pockets, make the following:

NOODLE DOUGH

2 cups flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 egg	

"Warm water to make soft dough. Knead until smooth, cover for short time. Roll thin, cut in squares and put one teaspoon meat mixture in center of a square (which I usually cut 2 inches by 2 inches) and stick together making a triangle. For meat mixture, take meat from soup after it's tender, put through food-chopper. Now melt one-half cup drippings or butter in skillet, dice one onion and fry until onion is soft. Let cool before making pockets.

"Cook pockets in salted water; when they rise to the top they're done. Plunge in cold water, drain through colander. Serve one or more in bowl of clear soup."

(Pockets can be served as side dish, just melt table-spoon butter in baking dish, put in pockets, sprinkle with crumbs, heat or brown slightly. The recipe is certainly a prize winner.—Mary Lee Swann).

HASLETS

AN OLD-FASHIONED PORK RECIPE

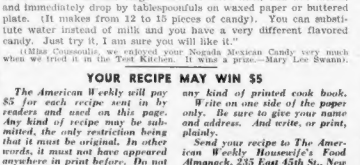
"THIS was an old favorite dish with my grandparents and parents and we children like very much," writes Ida L. Lambert, Lincoln, N. Y. "It's made this way:

2 pounds pork liver	½ teaspoon ground sage
16 slices bacon	½ teaspoon black pepper
1 medium-sized onion	1 teaspoon salt

"Chop liver and onion fine. Mix this with sage, salt and pepper. Arrange two slices of bacon in pan and place in center of cross ¼ pound of the mixture. Fasten four ends of bacon together with a tooth pick. The bacon and mixture will make 8 haslets. Bake in a dripping pan in an oven 350 degrees for about an hour or until bacon is crisp and liver well done. Bake well mashed sweet potatoes in the same oven. Serve haslets and sweet potatoes with chili sauce and you have a dish fit for a king."

(We are very grateful for this old-fashioned recipe. Now that so many of our readers can get pork liver without any difficulty, we are especially glad to have this recipe for them. I asked an old house-keeper (who had been famous "in her day" for the home-cured hams and sausage and other good things on her table) to give me her opinion on the haslets. She pronounced them "delicious."—Mary Lee Swann.)

The Capitol in Washington Was Once a Bakery. During the Civil War Ovens Were Set Up Under the Senate Wing and 16,000 Loaves of Bread Were Baked There Daily for the Union Army.



NOGADA

PREPARED IN THE MEXICAN MANNER

"THIS is a very good Mexican candy, which can be prepared in a few minutes," writes Miss Callie Coussoulis, Laredo, Texas. "It is inexpensive and very appropriate for the holiday festivities.

1½ cups sugar	1 tablespoon butter
½ cup milk	1 teaspoon chopped stick cinnamon
1½ cups chopped pecans or pecan halves	

"Combine sugar, milk, butter, and cinnamon and stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to a boil, stirring frequently until it boils to soft-ball stage. Remove from heat, add nut meats, and immediately drop by tablespoonfuls on waxed paper or buttered plate. (It makes from 12 to 15 pieces of candy). You can substitute water instead of milk and you have a very different flavored candy. Just try it, I am sure you will like it."

(Miss Coussoulis, we enjoyed your Nogada Mexican Candy very much when we tried it in the Test Kitchen. It wins a prize.—Mary Lee Swann).

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th St., New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

APPLE PIE

VERMONTERS EAT IT FOR BREAKFAST

"WE farmers up here in old Vermont still eat apple pie for breakfast, and here is how we make an extra good one," writes Mrs. Clara E. Wright, Iron Hedge Farm, Colchester, Vermont. "Our maple syrup and sugar is world famous for its flavor. We use them in our cooking in many ways.

"Any good pie crust will do.

"Filling — 1 pint of sliced sour apples. Mix together ⅓ cup of granulated sugar, 1 cup of maple sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Put half of mixture on lower crust, then the apples, covered by the rest of the mixture. Over this pour ⅔ cup of sweet thick cream and bake, covering with top crust, of course."

(Mrs. Wright, your pie should make Vermont more famous than it already is. It is a culinary masterpiece and adds another apple recipe to my collection of "best recipes."—Mary Lee Swann).

When Hawaiians Want a Frapped Pineapple Juice They Order "He Ana He Hala Ai Ka Wai Mai Ka Mea Ulu Mai."

This beautiful hand is wearing Carter's superb, 30-carat, blue-white diamond

Does some man want to buy jewels for your hands?

Have you the kind of hands that say jewels to a man?—hands he likes to see wearing HIS *ring,* HIS *bracelet?*

If you take care of a house—a baby—or work at a job every day—it isn't easy to keep your hands looking smooth and youthful.

Today, though, thousands of women have found a way to do it. They're using Danya—the wonderful new-type hand lotion.

Danya is based on an absolutely new formula. One remarkable thing about Danya is that many women buy it after *one* trial. No drying alcohol or glycerine in Danya. Instead, a special formula for helping to make your skin soft and supple.

Get a bottle of Danya today. Or send 6¢ for generous-size trial bottle. Pond's, Clinton, Connecticut, makers of Pond's Creams.

NEW NEW NEW! SPECIAL FORMULA CREAMY NOT STICKY NOT DRYING

Special Offer
a chance to try DANYA, Pond's wonderful new-type hand lotion

Pond's, Dept. 150-DG, Clinton, Conn.
Enclosed please find 6¢ for generous size trial bottle of Danya. Pond's new-type hand lotion.

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This offer is good in the U. S. A. only. Expires April 1, 1940.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, in this and other issues, offers true and intimate revelations of the loves, romances and tragedies of real people, in high places and low . . . absorbingly interesting features that are all the more impressive because they are disclosures of real, actual happenings . . . unusual details about incredible facts—all of them authentic!

WORRIED BY GRAY HAIR?

Of course, you are worried by gray hair. But here's the real tragedy. You are afraid to do anything about it. Afraid that dyeing your hair might be harmful to your health. Afraid that it is too difficult to do at home. Afraid that your hair will lose its natural luster and sheen.

How needless these fears! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a coloring preparation, with a money-back guarantee, that will give you beautiful results. Gradually it transforms gray, bleached or faded hair to the shade you desire . . . does it so perfectly that your closest friends won't guess. Pronounced harmless as a hair dye by competent authority, this preparation will not interfere with waving or the natural sheen of your hair. It's easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong!

Although Mary T. Goldman Hair Coloring Preparation has proved itself for forty years in millions of cases, we do not ask you to take our word.

Send us a 2 inch lock of your hair, containing both the gray and natural shade, if possible. We will color it for you without charge, and return it to you with a complete free test kit so that you can make the same test yourself and compare your results with ours. If you prefer, you need not send the lock of hair to obtain the free test kit.

MARY T. GOLDMAN GRAY HAIR COLORING PREPARATION
For sale at all leading drug and department stores

Mary T. Goldman Co.
307 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.

Send free test kit for color checked.
☐ Lock of hair enclosed.
☐ Lock of hair not enclosed.

☐ Black
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Light Brown
☐ Blonde
☐ Auburn

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GOT A COLD?

Has a stuffed-up head killed your taste for smoking? Light a KOOL. The mild menthol gives a cooling, soothing sensation . . . leaves your nose and throat feeling clean and clear. It's a fact your friends all know is true: When other smokes lose all taste, KOOLS taste swell! Try a pack today! (You get golden coupons, too—good in the U.S.A. for dozens of handsome premiums.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

UNION MADE

Special Offer----All Four For Only 10c

Climbing Tomato
SAVE GARDEN SPACE
Enormous fruits, perfect in form. Thick, solid and delicious flavor. Weigh from 1 to 3 lbs. each. Attain a height of 12 to 15 feet. Bear many quantities of very delicious fruits. Fine for sliding or for salads.

Yd. Long Beans
An excellent variety and a very interesting curiosity. Grow in any garden and plant ground. Produce an enormous crop of long slender round pods. Two to 4 ft. long, that are delicious and good for canning. Are very fine flavor.

Huckleberry
Grows readily from seed. A new fruit, fine for pies and preserves. Yields an enormous crop and grows almost anywhere. Grows larger than the common Huckleberry. Makes the finest jelly.

Garden Cherry
Bears delicious fruit the first year from seed planted in open ground. Grows 3 to 4 ft. high and also of a rather compact sturdy habit. Belongs to the Tomato family and is excellent eating and of fine flavor. To introduce our large catalog of very Rare and unusual seeds to new customers we will mail you all 4 for only 10c and 3c for postage.

E. J. MURVON SEED CO., Dept. 8-B, SO. NORWALK, CONN.

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Almanack Echoes

BUDGET SAVING—WITH POTATOES

By MRS. M. C. CANTON
Seattle, Wash.

WITH Winter dishes palling on your family's appetite—with the wish for more time for your Spring sewing—try my way and soon you will claim it as your own.

Do you say baked potatoes for small families take too much heat and that a cold baked potato is only good for the garbage can? I bake an oven full of potatoes on Sunday (working wives take heed.) Take the potatoes out of the oven when done, do not bake until dried out. Here at sea level one hour at 400 degrees is right for medium sized potatoes. Prick with fork and place in an open dish to cool before storing for further use.

First meal have them freshly baked, hot with butter and seasoning. It's really a shame that more people do not like the taste of baked potato without doodling it up with parsley or cheese or what-not.

Second meal try this. Put a tablespoon butter and one of shortening in an iron skillet. Heat well until the shortening is melted. Slice two potatoes then chop with knife or tin can until potatoes are in small cubes. Salt and pepper. Brown lightly. Now pour rich milk over the hot potatoes. Just enough to nearly cover, have a slow fire for milk burns quickly, let the milk bubble up and cook into the potatoes. Turn but once. There will be a nice creamy sauce tasting of browned butter and no one will know how you have managed to escallop potatoes in so few minutes. Bits of ham, cheese or dried beef make a good addition.

Besides Being Economical, Potatoes Are Also Time Savers as Mrs. Canton Shows.

Third time, try this. Cover the bottom of skillet with shortening. Use part butter. Peel the baked potato then slice in ⅛ inch slices. Yes, that is thick, but put each slice in the hot grease carefully, let brown, then turn like you would a flap-jack. Sounds slow but the thicker potato slice hurries the process. Salt and pepper while hot. (A skillet full at once.)

Then if there are still potatoes left, try this. Grind enough to make two cups. Mix yolks of two eggs, half cup rich milk, salt, pepper, then add to potatoes. Beat whites of the two eggs and mix with the rest of things. Drop by spoonfuls into hot grease. Fry. They are quite like puff balls.

All these rules have been worked out by myself so they are original. To me a warmed up potato that is well browned and hot is better than a freshly cooked boiled or mashed potato.

I have so enjoyed the food page since the old fashioned foods have been featured.

PADDY BUNDLES.

Dear Almanack:

An apple a day may not always keep the doctor away but it helps. Everyone loves an apple and a new way to serve them is always welcome. Here is a dessert that is inexpensive yet delicious.

6 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
3 dessert spoons butter
Sweet milk or cold water to make a soft dough.

Cut in four pieces. Do not roll, but on each piece put a peeled apple with core removed. With floured hands work the dough up around the apple. Fill the hole with sugar, butter and a couple of cloves. Work the dough right up over the hole. Brush over with sweet milk. Place in a pan, adding a little sweetened water. Bake 40 minutes. Serve with cream and sugar. If you wish the dessert to be smaller, peel apples, cut them in half, remove the core then cut off a piece of dough, set the ½ apple on the dough and mold around it. Put in some sugar, butter and cinnamon before completely covering up the ½ apple. Putting in just half an apple makes a good sized dessert. Of course one can cut the dough into as many pieces as there are people in the family. Serve the same as for a whole apple.

Lorene Webb,
Arcola, Sask., Canada.

(Today, you, too, join the growing number of our Canadian friends who are prize winners. Mrs. Webb.—Mary Lee Swann.)

HONEY CANDY.

Dear Almanack:

Here is a recipe for honey candy that my mother used to make. I have never seen it in print and know of none outside of our family ever making it.

Just take 2 cups of sugar, 2 cups of honey and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut in a saucepan and boil until a little dropped in cold water forms a fairly brittle ball. Be careful that it doesn't burn. Pour out on a buttered plate and when cool enough pull until it is a light cream color.

This candy helped many a long Winter day pass swiftly.

Margaret Motta,
San Leandro, Calif.

(Candy makers will like your recipe, Mrs. Motta, particularly since the ingredients are readily obtainable in most pantries.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Corn Custard, Tomato Sauce, Ice-Box Rolls, Shredded Green Salad, French Dressing, Valentine Heart Cakes, Tea. *Dinner* Pigeons with Mushrooms, Scalloped Potatoes, Beet Heart Salad, Chocolate Eclairs.	*Breakfast* Baked Apples with Dates, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon, Reheated Ice-Box Rolls, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cheese Rarebit on Toast, Celery, Carrot Straws, Olives, Spread Peach Tarts or Spice Cup-Cakes with Lemon Sauce, Tea. *Dinner* Chili Con Carne, Steamed Squash, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Dutch Apple Cake or Pineapple Upside-Down Cake.	*Breakfast* Prunes, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Crisp Rye Wafers, Coffee. *Luncheon* Broiled Salmon, Creamed Green Peas, Stuffed Beet Salad, Mayonnaise, Snow Pudding with Cherry Peach Sauce, Tea. *Dinner* Noodle Soup, Chicken Terrapin on Baking-Powder Biscuit Hearts, Paprika Potatoes, Broccoli with Lemon Butter, Radishes or Tomato Jelly Salad Hearts, Cranberry Hearts, Cupid's Cookies.	*Breakfast* Bananas with Lemon and Orange Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee. *Luncheon* Home-Made Succotash, Golden Corn Muffins, Shredded Green Salad or Perfection Salad, Prune Trifle, Tea. *Dinner* Mock Bisque, Baked Sausages with Spaghetti, Buttered String-Beans, Celery, Apple Pie.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Cereal, Swedish Rolls, Butter, Marmalade, Coffee. *Luncheon* Salmon Loaf or Jellied Salmon Salad, Cucumber Dressing, Ice-Box Rolls, Stewed Fruit, Valentine Cookies or Hermits. *Dinner* Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Fillets of Fish Fried in Deep Fat, Glazed Potatoes, Creamed Carrots and Green Peas, Philadelphia Relish, Pineapple Sponge, Sugar Cookies.	*Breakfast* Prune Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toast, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon (Picnic Style)* Brunswick Stew, "Hush Puppies," Shredded Green Salad, Tarragon French Dressing, Hot Gingerbread with Orange Lemon Sauce, Coffee. *Supper* Mexican Cheese Pudding, Tea-Minute Cabbage, Canned Fruit, Nut Jumbles.	*Breakfast (Company)* Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Fried Oysters with or without Sauce Tartare, Cornmeal Muffins, Coffee. *Dinner* Chicken Smothered with Sour Cream, Paprika Rice, Broccoli, Beets, Cranberry Salad, Mayonnaise, Fruit Sherbet, Cupid's Cake, Coffee. *Supper* Canned Cream of Vegetable Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Fruit Sponge, Left-Over Cookies or Cake, Cocoa or Milk.

RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

Cranberry Hearts.

BOIL 1 quart cranberries with 1 cup water until berries burst. Press through sieve. To the juice and sieved pulp, add 2 cups sugar and boil for a few minutes, stirring a time or two to prevent sticking. Turn into shallow pan. Chill overnight. Cut out with small heart-shaped cutter.

Cupid's Cookies.

CREAM ½ cup butter or shortening, add ½ cup sugar and ½ cup honey or syrup, and beat until creamy and smooth. Flavor with a few drops lemon extract or vanilla. Add 3 cups sifted flour and 3 tablespoons hot water containing 1 teaspoon soda. Mix thoroughly. Chill overnight. Roll, a small piece at a time, into a thin sheet. Cut out with small heart-shaped cutter. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. When cold, outline the names of the young people with red icing on the cookies.

Beet Heart Salad.

SOAK 2 tablespoons gelatin in 1½ cup cold water for 5 minutes. Add 2 cups boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 1½ cups minced boiled beets and 2 tablespoons grated horseradish or 1½ cups minced beet pickles. Turn into wet heart-shaped molds and chill. Invert on crisp lettuce, chicory or cress, and serve with mayonnaise. Serve with or without whipped cheese hearts.

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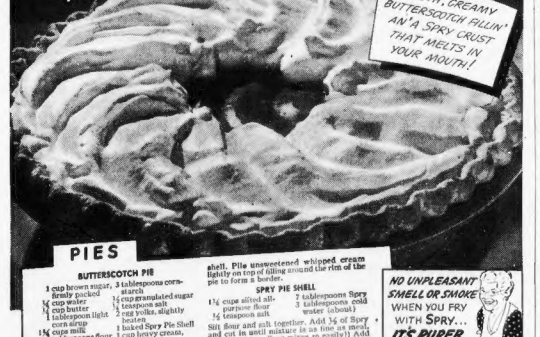
TRADE MARK

WANT FLAKIER, TENDERER PIE CRUST? MAKE THIS

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE THE SPRY WAY

SAYS AUNT JENNY



PIES

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ cup water
¼ cup butter
1 tablespoon light corn syrup
1¾ cups milk
3 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 baked Spry Pie Shell
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Combine brown sugar, water, butter and corn syrup and cook until a small amount forms a hard ball in cold water (250° F.).

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Combine flour, cornstarch, granulated sugar and salt and mix thoroughly. Add to scalded milk and cook until thick and smooth, then cook 15 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Add hot butterscotch mixture and stir until smooth. Stir a small amount of mixture into slightly beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook a few minutes longer. Cool.

Pour into tender, flaky baked Spry pie shell. Pile unsweetened whipped cream lightly on top of filling around the rim of the pie to form a border.

SPRY PIE SHELL

1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
7 tablespoons Spry
3 tablespoons cold water (about)

Sift flour and salt together. Add ⅔ of Spry and cut in until mixture is as fine as meal, and cut in until mixture is as coarse as peas. (Quickly done—Spry mixes so easily!) Add remaining Spry and continue cutting until particles are size of navy beans. Sprinkle water gradually over mixture. With a fork, toss lightly together until a dough is formed. Work lightly together until a dough is formed.

Roll dough ⅛ inch thick and prick with a fork. Place dough in pan and let relax 5 minutes. Put with ball of dough to fit pastry into pan. Trim pastry 1 inch longer than pan and turn back edge. Flute rim. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. See what tender flaky, delicate-tasting crust Spry gives. You'll love Spry cakes, too, and those crispy, digestible Spry-fried foods.

(Clip and save this Spry recipe)

(All measurements in these recipes are level)

Only Spry gives ALL these 3 EXTRA ADVANTAGES

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"Give your folks *that* kind of cookin'. Change to Spry today for all your bakin' an' fryin'!"

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Mrs. M. C. Canton,
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San Antonio, Tex.
Mrs. Sidney Hicks,
Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. J. Wolando,
New York City.
Mrs. N. E. O'Brien,
Buffalo, N. Y.

"MAD SCRAMBLE"

Dear Almanack:

I just had to write to let you know that although there is a mad scramble for the magazine section every week at our house, I get my Almanack part first. It is certainly the best part of any paper I've ever read and I've been a newspaper reader for twenty years.

Mrs. Margaretha Laut,
107-28 164th Street,
Jamaica, New York.

(Your letter certainly made us feel mighty proud of the Almanack, Mrs. Laut. We're going to keep right on giving you all other readers what you want.—The Editor.)

SAVOYA.

Dear Almanack:

Reading Mrs. Lincoln's recipe for Savoy Cabbage brought to mind a recipe which has been in my family for years. I have never seen it in print, or known anyone to prepare it in this manner. It is called "Savoya."

Clean and cut up a medium-sized head of Savoy cabbage and boil in salted water till tender. Drain. Boil 6 or 8 large potatoes and drain. Place cabbage and potatoes in one pan. Cut up ¼ pound bacon in small pieces and fry until crisp. Put bacon, drippings and all, with cabbage and potatoes. Mash thoroughly with potato masher. Add salt, pepper and grated nutmeg to taste.

Mrs. S. B. Fitzell,
Bloomingdale, Michigan.

(A delightful variation is procured by the use of spinach in place of the cabbage. Try this on someone who reputedly dislikes spinach and watch him or her change their mind.—Mary Lee Swann.)

NEXT WEEK

William Dampier was a bold pirate who sailed the Spanish Main. But he was also an expert cook who knew his bananas and could grill 'em, fry 'em or serve 'em up in tarts. Some of pirate Dampier's 17th century recipes will appear exclusively in the Almanack next week. And so will those of a lot of prize winners, such as Pioneer Soup, Apricot Horns, Beef Bourguignon, Walnut Roast and many others which you'll want to try in your own kitchen.

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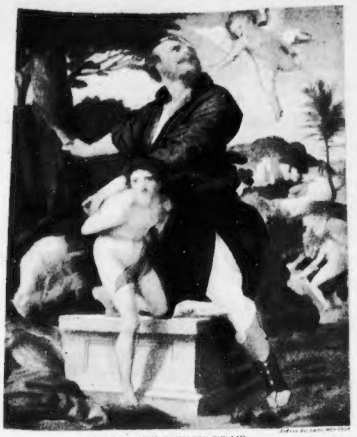

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